

THE



DIAL

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ON SELF-GOVERNMENT

A Dialogue in Limbo

BY G. SANTAYANA

THE SHADE OF SOCRATES: Whom do I see approaching with down-cast looks? My friend The Stranger? Have you come to-day to remain with us for good, or is this but another brief excursion into the realm of sanity, from which you hope to return presently to your crazy world?

THE SPIRIT OF A STRANGER STILL LIVING ON EARTH: I can hardly hope, Socrates, to dwell in your distinguished company after I am dead. Therefore I take every opportunity to visit you now while I can.

SOCRATES: 'Tis at rare intervals. Probably you think you are better employed in the sunlight, or can see better in it. My own eyes are more like the owl's than like the eagle's, and I can see farther in this twilight than ever in the glare of the Athenian day. I was always an ignorant man, depending on my disciples for sure first principles and for irrefragable facts, knowledge of which they seemed to possess by nature, although my dulness, or some divine impediment, had prevented me from discovering all those certain truths when I was of their age. That old blindness of mine is now redoubled in respect to the living world; for whereas liberation from the body has opened to me a large prospect towards the past and the future, it has cut off my old channels of dubious communication with material things; and it is only the truth of them before they arise or after they perish that lies spread out before me for direct inspection. In their transit

through existence they are eclipsed in these heavens, and I can know them only by report of travellers such as you from the antipodes. My information about your affairs is accordingly most incomplete, and worst of all is brought to me by unphilosophical messengers; for only whimsical and ill-bred spirits now seem to reach this place. I have heard, for instance, of an obscure oracle which you may be able to interpret for me. The god must have delivered it in some barbarous tongue, and perhaps in verse, which has been ill translated: but the monumental inscription which my informant had seen seems to have read as follows:

RIGHT GOVERNMENT
RESTS ON THE WILL
OF THE GOVERNED

THE STRANGER: We need no god and no oracle to tell us that. It is a commonplace, and the foundation of all our politics.

SOCRATES: I rejoice to hear it; for if the maxim is always on your lips, you will probably be able to tell me what it means. Does right government, I pray, mean good government? And does the will of the governed mean their wishes for the moment, or their habitual ruling passion, or their true and ultimate good?

THE STRANGER: I am hardly able, Socrates, to answer all these questions at once; and even if you put them to me singly, I am afraid I should not be ready with glib replies, unless it were half in jest, without expecting that they would bear inspection. Nowadays I place less reliance than ever upon exact words and (although you will rebuke me for it) I feel that there is a current in things that carries all our thoughts away: not only that oracle, as you call it, about right government, but also any wiser maxims that we might substitute for it. In my youth my ears were deafened by a variety of shrill cries, Liberty, Progress, Science, Culture; but time, and especially this last revolution in our affairs, has taught me how little it mattered what we thought the cries meant, since events in the long run will falsify any policy, and render obsolete any conviction; and the only significance I can still attach to those watchwords is no definable significance, but only a vague association of each of them with some shift in our manners or politics or indus-

trial arts. But why should I trouble you in your immortal serenity with these squabbles and delusions of living men? It was not to talk about them that I came into your presence, but rather to escape from them into your surer wisdom.

SOCRATES: You will not escape them, my friend, unless you learn to understand them. You know well that my wisdom lies only in asking questions. What you come to take refuge in is not my philosophy, but yours, which you think I may help you to discover and to put into words; and if this occurs, it will not be wonderful that you should approve the answers to my questions, since it is you who will give them. But to-day you may be disappointed, for there is evidently something new on your conscience, and you may not know your own mind. Formerly, if I inquired of you concerning the affairs of your provisional world, you stinted your answers, and changed the subject, as if you hardly followed the events of your own day more closely than we can follow them here by report, as if they were things long past; and you seemed to feel an indifference (premature on your part) to mortal things, and an early immunity from care. But now the wasp of actuality seems to have stung you, and you bring with you a heavier scent of earth and of new-shed blood. I am not surprised at your distress. Under the blue sky society is like Zeus, who is lord over it; it expresses its will less by law-giving than by nods and thunder-bolts. Strange that in the light of day there should be so much blindness, and here where Pluto in comparative darkness rules over far vaster multitudes there should be never a murmur nor a rumble, but a just estimation of all things, and a place for all. Let us not miss the opportunity, then, while we are together, I to hear your tragedy, and you to ponder its moral.

THE STRANGER: Our tragedy is an old one, of which you drew the moral long ago: it is the tragedy of those who do as they wish, but do not get what they want. It is the tragedy of self-government.

SOCRATES: It would be a terrible tragedy indeed if such an excellent thing as self-government came to a bad end. But I cannot credit the report, because a people who had learned self-government would be a race of philosophers, each governing himself

and himself only, and inwardly safe from any real misfortune. I rejoice that the republic of the living, contrary to expectation, should have become in my absence so similar to this happy commonwealth of immortals, where no spirit molests any other, or needs another's support.

THE STRANGER: Irony, Socrates, cannot shame the facts, which have an irony of their own. Of course by self-government we do not mean the government of self. We mean that people collectively issue the orders which they must obey individually.

SOCRATES: How surprising! Am I to understand that under self-government, as you practise it, no man governs himself in anything, but that each is governed in everything by all the others?

THE STRANGER: It would come to that, if our system were perfect.

SOCRATES: Then your democracy, which I suppose intends to express the autonomy of the individual, in effect entirely abolishes that autonomy?

THE STRANGER: Yes, but without violence. There is an unwritten and plastic law in the modern world which we call fashion; and the more thoroughly we conform to it the freer and the finer we think ourselves. Fashion without magistrates rules by the will of the governed: it is pleasant to go where everybody goes, to think what everybody thinks, and to dance as everybody dances. In fashion I might find an answer to that nestful of questions which you were putting just now: for the will of the governed, by which fashion rules, on the surface is a passing caprice; but this caprice is grafted upon a habitual passion, namely on a rooted instinct to lead, to follow, or somehow to lose oneself in a common enjoyment of life with one's fellow-men, especially those of one's age and class; and finally this ruling passion leads to the ultimate good, as the followers of fashion conceive it; for they think the ultimate good is life itself, in its pervasive immediacy, made as intense and vigorous as possible by continual novelty and emulation, not for the sake of any prize or result, but just for the running's sake. Thus fashion governs us with our hearty consent, not only in our manners and appointments, but in our religion and science, and above all in our politics. There is nothing that recommends any opinion or custom to us more than

to hear that it is the latest thing, that everybody is adopting it, and that it is universal nowadays in the leading circles. Even our philosophers have their ear to the ground, and tell us with unction how the world is marching. Their conscience would reproach them, and they would wish to hang themselves, if they were not on the winning side. The event, they say, is always the judgement of God.

SOCRATES: Long ago Heraclitus said so; but the sentence which divine justice passes on each new birth is severe: it is always death.

THE STRANGER: Yes, but a natural death, followed by some natural resurrection. Why be afraid of revolution?

SOCRATES: Why indeed, if you mean the revolution of the heavens or of the seasons or the descent of each generation in its turn to the grave? That which I fear—no longer for myself, but for you—is that you should not govern yourselves well while you live, and should thereby condemn yourselves here to an eternal bitterness. Are all fashions equally good? Are all transitions equally happy? Are youth and age, in their appointed round, always beautiful and perfect? Have you learned how to live? Do you know how to die? If you neglected these questions your self-government would not be an art, but a blind experiment. Art, which is action guided by knowledge, is the principle of benefit, and without art the freer a man is the more miserable he must become.

THE STRANGER: Government among us is certainly not an art, but a fatality. In so far as it is not a matter of mere tradition and routine, it results from contrary purposes and parties pulling against each other in a tug-of-war, for the sake of office or of some immediate reform or relief. Whether the effects of government are beneficent in the end nobody can tell, because nobody can foresee the infinite radiations of those effects in the future; nor even in the present have we any clear or authoritative notion of the uses of government, or any criterion by which to measure the various goods that various people might regard as ultimate, such as health, friendship, knowledge, laughter, or heaven. And so far is government among us from regarding any ultimate good, that many are inclined to look in other directions for true guidance in their allegiances, and for the means to hap-

piness; and they regard politics with aversion, and politicians with contempt, thinking that government, at best, is a nuisance.

SOCRATES: And is that, pray, your own opinion?

THE STRANGER: I will not venture to make it mine before you have examined it. I remember the fate of all those innocents who have fallen into your hands and have had to eat their own words.

SOCRATES: Very well; let me ask you this other question instead: if government is not an art, how can you or your friends ever determine what measures to approve or what magistrates to raise to office?

THE STRANGER: Nothing easier. We support such as express our ideas or share our desires.

SOCRATES: And your ideas and desires are formed on what principle?

THE STRANGER: On none, of course. They come to us gaily, like song to the lark. If we had to find a reason for liking what we like, we should never be able to like anything.

SOCRATES: Your politics is a matter of taste?

THE STRANGER: Certainly; but taste is sometimes modified by indigestion.

SOCRATES: I see: you simply obey your whim or inclination, until perhaps you sicken and are in danger of death. Your rulers are physicians summoned in your extremity: you have no trainers in your youth. We Greeks held our trainers and legislators in greater honour than our physicians: for no doctor could save us from death, but a trainer might render us fit for an Olympian victory. Perhaps your doctors promise to make you immortal; which I should not think a benefit if you were never to be well. Art cannot be improvised under pressure. The man with a hole in his shoe is not forthwith a cobbler; much less does a landsman become a pilot whenever he is seasick. Imagine yourself (who I suspect are no sailor) appointed to command a trireme in a storm or in a fog or in the thick of the battle of Salamis, not knowing the draught of your vessel, or the position of the rocks, or the tactics of the enemy, or even the words of command, or with which hand to steer, but asking yourself what death to expect, while all hands waited on you for direction: and I think your anxiety and suspense in such a nightmare, and the confusion

and agony with which you would implore every god, or the most humble fellow-creature, to relieve you of that task, though the fate of only one trireme was at stake, would be as nothing to the anguish which must assail the heart of an ignorant man voting in a moment of danger upon the government of his country.

THE STRANGER: No ignorant man among us, where the leaders are often ignorant, feels the least compunction in such a case, but only irritation and ill-will towards every other land-lubber who, in equal ignorance, insists on giving different orders; and each attributes the general confusion to the fact that his own voice was not heeded in time. Nevertheless we exist; and life among us is in many ways safer, freer, more comfortable, and more entertaining than it was in your model cities, with their divine founders and law-givers. There is an automatism in nature, Socrates, more fruitful than reason. Human beings, in all their dynamic relations, are bodies, although when they talk to themselves they may think they are minds. All their vital organs are unconscious and hereditary, and by instinct and imitation, without understanding, they learn to eat, to breed, to talk, and to govern. Every sturdy race stews its homemade dishes, to which its stomach is hardened and which it fondly relishes as incomparably the best. Few cooks anywhere are inventive—a fact which saves many lives; and our traditional government, like our home religion, though there is no science in it, is not too poisonous. The sun rises in spite of it, and our children have red cheeks.

SOCRATES: The wild beasts, too, thrive on that principle. Nature has supplied them with all sorts of curious and complicated organs which mature in their season and insist on performing their unintended functions. Your institutions seem to be organs of that sort, for in following fashion or in trying private experiments you apparently obey some spontaneous instinct, or some balance of secret forces, and leave the issue to fortune. But the privilege of human reason, where reason exists, is to turn us into philosophers by teaching us to survey our destiny and to institute, within its bounds, the pursuit of perfection.

THE STRANGER: Perhaps the spirit in us, like that of some half-tamed beast, is not quite reconciled with its humanity. We prefer not to know our destiny and not to have any perfection set

before us which we are not free to elude. Beneath what may seem to you our blind expedients in government—that we count heads as if we paid out money by weight, without asking whether it was gold or silver—I think there is a profound instinct of freedom. Society itself is an accident to the spirit, and if society in any of its forms is to be justified morally it must be justified at the bar of the individual conscience. In putting everything to a vote we are not so much supposing that the majority must be right as we are acknowledging, even at the risk of material disaster, the indefeasible right of each soul to determine its allegiances.

SOCRATES: Eloquence, by venting the feelings, sometimes clears the mind. Would you now be able, I wonder, to answer a simple question which I asked you at the beginning? Does right government mean good government?

THE STRANGER: No: I see now that there is a difference. Legitimacy in a government depends on the origin of its authority: excellence depends on its fruits.

SOCRATES: Then right government, resting, as your oracle has it, on the will of the governed, may be bad government?

THE STRANGER: Of course; nothing is commoner, especially when passions run high and nations or individuals attempt the impossible.

SOCRATES: You mean, for instance, that if an assembly with a great shout voted that every citizen should receive a large dole from the public treasury, that measure would accurately express their living desires, and the free choice of every bosom; yet it might bring no good, if at that moment the treasury was empty.

THE STRANGER: Evidently; but in that case at least the illusion would be short-lived. The bubbles we pursue in love or ambition often take longer to burst.

SOCRATES: And would you say that these bubbles, even when they lead you so long astray, are the right principles of action, and that you ought to follow them?

THE STRANGER: I am at a loss how to reply. If I say no, I condemn all life; if I say yes, I sanction every folly.

SOCRATES: Life, my good friend, is hard for you to understand because you are still living. Here we understand it. Not every passion pursues a bubble; not every treasury is empty. But

living impulse, borne as it needs must be on its own wings, cannot distinguish; it cannot foresee the end, so as to push on where success is promised, and halt in time where it is denied. Experience arrives too late for each of us, and the young, though more or less fortunate in disposition, are never born any wiser. But by instruction experience may be transmitted; a father may train his son; the gods too are merciful and send down precepts and inspirations; and the legislator, if we live in a civilized state, has instituted games and festivals and exercises by which youth can be moulded and turned towards such ambitions as may be satisfied with innocence. Life to this extent becomes an art and wisdom a tradition. The living cannot live well unless the dead govern them. Ah, if the Athenians, after dismissing me from their midst in a manner which, whether a benefit to them or not, was certainly a great advantage to me, had wisely decided to disenfranchise themselves in a body and, at every election, to ask the Shade of Socrates alone to decide and had counted only my single vote, Athens, I say, would still be standing, more beautiful in her simplicity than Pericles ever made her with his brand new marbles, and richer in true poets and true philosophers than she ever was in sophists and comedians. But the living, twittering on the green bough, despise the wisdom of the dead which might insinuate something immortal into them and keep them from wholly dying.

THE STRANGER: Immortality, Socrates, although people often declaim about it, is a thing for which the truly living do not care. They wish, indeed, to go on living, because they are wound up to go, and any accident which threatens to stop them short is odious to them; but that all their habits and thoughts should lapse successively and yield to something new, or to a timely silence which, being absolute, will never be perceived, does not disturb them; such, they know by instinct, is the nature of existence. For this reason they allow only living desires to count in action, however frivolous or fatal those desires may be; they wish to live and not merely not to die. Your Shade in its wisdom, annulling their wills and stopping their bawling mouths, would have seemed to them the most horrible of ghostly tyrants, and worse than the laws of the Medes and Persians or an infallible pope; and you would have preserved your austere Athens to no pur-

pose by your eternal decrees, because the living would have fled from it and left it empty. It is not right to impose old loves on a young soul or ancient justice on a new society. No tyranny is worse than that of a belated or fanatical conscience, oppressing a world it does not understand in the name of another world which is non-existent.

SOCRATES: How often have I heard speeches like that from the clever men who filled the living Athens—or, since living and dying seem to be identical—the dying Athens of my day! A small question, however, troubled me in the midst of your eloquence. Imagine, as a mere hypothesis, that the Great King or my Shade interrupted the orgies or the star-gazing in which (as they say) we are habitually plunged, and that we commanded a useful bridge to be built, or unjust tax-gatherers to be punished, or temples and groves to be renewed and beautified, or that by resisting the desire of the people for largesses in their holiday moods, we were actually able to distribute doles to them in some year of famine, or by our foresight in fostering agriculture had prevented their distress, would all these acts of ours have been wrong and tyrannical because done on our own initiative, and not at the people's bidding?

THE STRANGER: I confess that practically it would make little difference who exercised the right of legislation, if in any case the laws and the spirit of the government were to be the same; but experience has taught us that the Great King and the assembled people would not pass the same laws or govern in the same interests.

SOCRATES: Your prejudice against the Great King or against my Shade as perpetual archon is then not absolute. You might consent to be governed by us if you thought us likely to govern well, but you fear that our thoughts might be too kingly or too ghostly, and might divert your energies to royal or fantastic ends, despising your homely needs?

THE STRANGER: Yes, that is what we fear.

SOCRATES: In such measure, however, as we actually governed well, would you not think us tyrants or our government illegitimate?

THE STRANGER: No doubt in that case you would be accepted without credentials; in fact, if your government was half decent,

people would soon overflow with loyalty to you, and would build statues or altars in your honour.

SOCRATES: Then good government is always right government?

THE STRANGER: That seems to follow from your argument, but I am not convinced. Compulsion is degrading in itself, and there is an intrinsic dignity in freedom.

SOCRATES: Is there an intrinsic dignity in the freedom of a blind man when the degrading restraint exercised by the dog or the child leading him is removed, and he walks over a precipice?

THE STRANGER: Yes, if he is weary of being blind and of being led, and prefers to commit suicide.

SOCRATES: The dignity which you attribute to suicide would disappear, I suppose, if the moment the man felt himself falling through the void, he repented and gave a shriek of terror and despair?

THE STRANGER: I assume, of course, that he knows his own mind.

SOCRATES: Ah, that is an important condition, a most important condition. And there are other things that perhaps he would need to know, if the dignity of his freedom was to be preserved. Suppose that at the very time of his suicide, Asclepius or some other healer of men was approaching with a salve which applied to the eyes would have restored them to sight: in killing himself just then would he not be a victim of tragic ignorance, acting contrary to his true desires?

THE STRANGER: How can you expect any one to adjust his action to what lies beyond his ken?

SOCRATES: How indeed? What freedom can there be in the helpless solitude of ignorance? What autonomy in being driven this way and that by wishes without self-knowledge? It is knowledge and knowledge only that may rule by divine right, no matter who possesses that knowledge and, possessing it, gives the word of command. Without knowledge there is no authority in the will, either over itself or over others, but only violence and madness. And this knowledge, necessary to virtue and to the right to will, looks in two directions: first into the soul, to disentangle her true nature and discern the pursuits in which her innate powers might be liberated and developed; and then again into the world, to discover the opportunities, the aids, and the dangers which the soul must count upon in the exercise of her freedom. And with this,

in consequence of your patient explanations, I think I may venture to interpret that oracle which at first seemed so obscure. If the god had spoken in prose, without wishing to be oracular, he would have said that there is no right government except good government; that good government is that which benefits the governed; that the good of the governed is determined not by their topmost wishes or their ruling passions, but by their hidden nature and their real opportunities; and that only knowledge, discovering this hidden nature and these real opportunities, and speaking in their name, has a right to rule in the state or in the private conscience.

I will not ask you to-day whether you agree with these conclusions, for I perceive that your mind is agitated, and you may prefer to reserve your decision. Another day we will renew the argument.

To be concluded

THE HOLLOW MEN

BY T. S. ELIOT

A penny for the Old Guy.

I

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar

Shape without form, shade without colour,
Paralysed force, gesture without motion;

Those who have crossed
With direct eyes, to death's other kingdom
Remember us—if at all—not as lost
Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men
The stuffed men.

II

Eyes I dare not meet in dreams
In death's dream kingdom
These do not appear:
There, the eyes are
Sunlight on a broken column
There, is a tree swinging

THE HOLLOW MEN

And voices are
In the wind's singing
More distant and more solemn
Than a fading star.

Let me be no nearer
In death's dream kingdom
Let me also wear
Such deliberate disguises
Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves
In a field
Behaving as the wind behaves
No nearer—

Not that final meeting
In the twilight kingdom
With eyes I dare not meet in dreams.

III

The eyes are not here
There are no eyes here
In this valley of dying stars
In this hollow valley
This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms

In this last of meeting places
We grope together
And avoid speech
Gathered on this beach of the tumid river

Sightless, unless
The eyes reappear
As the perpetual star
Multifoliate rose
Of death's twilight kingdom

The hope only
Of empty men.



Courtesy of the Montross Gallery

PRUFROCK. BY PEGGY BACON



WHILE THE TRUE CHURCH CAN NEVER FAIL. BY PEGGY BACON



AMONG THE SAINTS HE SHALL BE SEEN. BY PEGGY BACON

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STRANGE MOONLIGHT

BY CONRAD AIKEN

IT had been a tremendous week—colossal. Its reverberations around him hardly yet slept—his slightest motion or thought made a vast symphony of them, like a breeze in a forest of bells. In the first place, he had filched a volume of Poe's tales from his mother's bookcase, and had had in consequence a delirious night in inferno. Down, down he had gone, with heavy clangs about him, coiling spouts of fire licking drily at an iron sky, and a strange companion, of Protean shape and size, walking and talking beside him. For the most part, this companion seemed to be nothing but a voice and a wing—an enormous jagged black wing, soft and drooping like a bat's; he had noticed veins in it. As for the voice, it had been singularly gentle. If it was mysterious, that was no doubt because he himself was stupid. Certainly it had sounded placid and reasonable—exactly, in fact, like his father's, explaining a problem in mathematics; but, though he noticed the orderly and logical structure, and felt the inevitable approach towards a vast and beautiful or terrible conclusion, the nature and meaning of the conclusion itself always escaped him. It was as if, always, he had come just too late. When, for example, he had come at last to the black wall that enclosed the infernal city, and saw the arched gate, the voice had certainly said that if he hurried he would see, through the arch, a far low landscape of extraordinary wonder. He had hurried, but it had been in vain. He had reached the gate, and for the tiniest fraction of an instant he had even glimpsed the wide green of fields and trees, a winding blue ribbon of water, and a gleam of intense light touching to brilliance some far object. But then, before he had been able to notice more than that every detail in this fairy landscape seemed to lead towards a single shining solution, a dazzling significance, suddenly the infernal rain, streaked fire and rolling smoke, had swept it away. Then the voice had seemed to become ironic. He had failed, and he felt like crying.

He had still, the next morning, felt that he might, if the op-

portunity offered, see that vision. It was always just round the corner, just at the head of the stairs, just over the next page. But other adventures had intervened. Prize-day, at school, had come upon him as suddenly as a thunder-storm—the ominous hushed gathering of the entire school into one large room, the tense air of expectancy, the solemn speeches, all had reduced him to a state of acute terror. There was something unintelligible and sinister about it. He had, from first to last, a peculiar physical sensation that something threatened him, and here and there, in the interminable vague speeches, a word seemed to have eyes and to stare at him. His prescience had been correct—abruptly his name had been called, he had walked unsteadily amid applause to the teacher's desk, had received a small black pasteboard box; and then had cowered in his chair again, with the blood in his temples beating like gongs. When it was over, he had literally run away—he didn't stop till he reached the park. There, among the tombstones (the park had once been a graveyard) and trumpet-vines, he sat on the grass and opened the box. He was dazzled. The medal was of gold, and rested on a tiny blue satin cushion. His name was engraved on it, yes, actually cut into the gold; he felt the incisions with his finger-nail. It was an experience not wholly to be comprehended. He put the box down in the grass and detached himself from it; lay full length, resting his chin on his wrist, and stared first at a tombstone and then at the small gold object, as if to discover the relation between them. Humming-birds, tombstones, trumpet-vines, and a gold medal. Amazing. He unpinned the medal from its cushion, put the box in his pocket, and walked slowly homeward, carrying the small live gleaming thing between finger and thumb as if it were a bee. This was an experience to be carefully concealed from mother and father. Possibly he would tell Mary and John. . . . Unfortunately, he met his father as he was going in at the door, and was thereafter drowned, for a day, in a glory without significance. He felt ashamed, and put the medal away in a drawer, sternly forbidding Mary and John to look at it. Even so, he was horribly conscious of it—its presence there burned him unceasingly. Nothing afforded escape from it, not even sitting under the peach-tree and whittling a boat.

II

The oddest thing was the way these and other adventures of the week all seemed to unite, as if they were merely aspects of the same thing. Everywhere lurked that extraordinary hint of the enigma and its shining solution. On Tuesday morning, when it was pouring with rain, and he and Mary and John were conducting gigantic military operations in the back hall, with hundreds of paper soldiers; tents, cannon, battleships, and forts; suddenly through the tall open window, a goldfinch flew in from the rain, beat wildly against a pane of glass, darted several times to and fro above their heads, and, finally, finding the open window, flashed out. It flew to the peach-tree, rested there a moment, and then over the out-houses and away. He saw it rising and falling in the rain. This was beautiful—it was like the vision of the infernal city, like the medal in the grass. He found it impossible to go on with the Battle of Gettysburg, and abandoned it to Mary and John, who instantly started to quarrel. Escape was necessary, and he went into his own room, shut the door, lay on his bed, and began thinking about Caroline Lee.

John Lee had taken him there to see his new air-gun and a box of BB shot. The strange house was dim and exciting. A long winding dark staircase went up from near the front door; a clock was striking in a far room; a small beautiful statue of a lady, slightly pinkish, and looking as if it had been dug out of the earth, stood on a table. The wall-paper beside the staircase was rough and hairy. Upstairs, in the play-room, they found Caroline, sitting on the floor with a picture-book. She was learning to read, pointing at the words with her finger. He was struck by the fact that, although she was extraordinarily strange and beautiful, John Lee did not seem to be aware of it and treated her as if she were quite an ordinary sort of person. This gave him courage, and after the air-gun had been examined, and the bag of BB shot emptied of its gleaming heavy contents and then luxuriously refilled, he told her some of the words she couldn't make out. "And what's this?" she had said—he could still hear her say it, quite clearly. She was thin, smaller than himself, with dark hair and large pale eyes, and her forehead and hands looked curiously transparent. He particularly noticed her hands when she brought her five-dollar gold-piece to show him, opening a little jewel-box which had in it also

a necklace of yellow beads from Egypt and a pink shell from Tybee Beach. She gave him the gold-piece to look at, and while he was looking at it, put the beads round her neck. "Now I'm an Egyptian!" she said, and laughed shyly, running her fingers to and fro over the smooth beads. A fearful temptation came upon him. He coveted the gold-piece, and thought that it would be easy to steal it. He shut his hand over it and it was gone. If it had been John's, he might have done so, but, as it was, he opened his hand again and put the gold-piece back in the box. Afterwards, he stayed for a long while, talking with John and Caroline. The house was mysterious and rich, and he hadn't at all wanted to go out of it, or back to his own humdrum existence. Besides, he liked to hear Caroline talking.

But although he had afterwards for many days wanted to go back to that house, to explore further its dim rich mysteriousness, and had thought about it a great deal, John Lee hadn't again suggested a visit; and he himself had felt a curious reluctance about raising the subject. It had been, apparently, a vision that was not to be repeated, an incursion into a world so beautiful and strange that one was permitted of it only the briefest of glimpses. He had, almost, to reassure himself that the house was really there, and for that reason he made rather a point of walking home from school with John Lee. Yes, the house was there—he saw John climb the stone steps and open the huge green door. There was never a sign of Caroline, however, nor any mention of her: until one day he heard from another boy that she was ill with scarlet fever, and observed that John had stayed away from school. The news did not startle or frighten him. On the contrary, it seemed just the sort of romantic privilege in which such fortunate people would indulge. He felt a certain delicacy about approaching the house, however, to see if the red quarantine sign had been affixed by the door, and carefully avoided Gordon Square on his way home from school. Should he write her a letter? Or send her a present of marbles? For neither action did there seem to be sufficient warrant. But he found it impossible to do nothing, and later in the afternoon, by a very circuitous route which took him past the county jail—where he was thrilled by actually seeing a prisoner looking out between the grey iron bars—he slowly made his way to Gordon Square, and from a safe distance, more or less hiding himself be-

hind a palmetto tree, looked for a long while at the wonderful house, and saw, sure enough, the red sign.

Three days later, he heard that Caroline Lee was dead. The news stunned him. Surely it could not be possible? He felt stifled, frightened, and incredulous. In a way, it was just what one would expect of Caroline, but none the less he felt outraged. How was it possible for any one, whom one actually knew, to *die*? Particularly any one so vividly and beautifully remembered! The indignity, the horror of death obsessed him. *Had* she actually died? He went again to Gordon Square, not knowing precisely what it was that he expected to find, and saw something white hanging by the green door. But if, as it appeared, it was true that Caroline Lee, somewhere inside the house, lay dead, lay motionless; how did it happen that he, who was so profoundly concerned, had not at all been consulted, had not been invited to come and talk with her, and now found himself so utterly and hopelessly and for ever excluded—from the house, as from her? This was a thing which he could not understand. As he walked home, pondering, he thought of the five-dollar gold-piece. What would become of it? Probably John Lee would get it, and if so, he would steal it from him. . . . All the same, he was glad he hadn't taken it.

To this reflection he came back many times, as now once more with the Battle of Gettysburg raging in the next room. If he had actually taken it, what a horror it would have been! As it was, the fact that he had resisted the temptation, restored the gold-piece to its box, seemed to have been a tribute to Caroline's beauty and strangeness. Yes, for nobody else would he have made the refusal—nobody on earth. But, for her, it had been quite simple, a momentary pang quickly lost in the pleasure of hearing her voice, watching her pale hands twisting the yellow beads, and helping her with her reading. "And what's this?" she had said, and, "Now I'm an Egyptian!" . . . What was death, that could put an end to a clear voice saying such things? . . . Mystery was once more about him, the same mystery that had shone in the vision of the infernal city. There was something beautiful which he could not understand. He had felt it while he was lying in the grass among the tombstones, looking at the medal; he had felt it when the goldfinch darted in from the rain and then out again. All these things seemed in some curious way to fit together.

III

The same night, after he had gone to bed, this feeling of awareness and complicated mystery came upon him again with oppressive weight. He lay still, looking from his pillow through the tall window at the moonlight on the white outhouse wall, and again it seemed to him that the explanation for everything was extraordinarily near at hand if he could only find it. The mystery was like the finest of films, like the moonlight on the white wall. Surely, beneath it, there was something solid and simple. He heard someone walk across the yard, with steps that seemed astoundingly far apart and slow. The steps ceased, a door creaked. Then there was a cough. It was old Selena, the negro cook, going out for wood. He heard the sticks being piled up, then the creak of the door again, and again the slow steps on the hard baked ground of the yard, aeons apart. How did the peach-tree look in the moonlight? Would its leaves be dark, or shiny? And the chinaberry tree? He thought of the two trees standing there motionless in the moonlight, and at last felt that he must get out of bed and look at them. But when he had reached the hall, he heard his mother's voice from downstairs, and he went and lay on the old sofa in the hall, listening. Could he have heard aright? His mother had just called his father "boy"! Amazing!

"But two parties a week, Tom—surely that's not excessive?"

"It's two parties *every* week, and sometimes three or four, that's excessive. You know it is."

"Darling, I *must* have *some* recreation!"

His father laughed in a peculiar angry way that he had never heard before—as strange, indeed, as his mother's tone had been.

"Recreation's all right," he said, "but you're neglecting your family. If it goes on, I'll have another child, that's all."

He got off the sofa and went softly down the stairs to the turn of the railing. He peered over the banisters with infinite caution, and what he saw filled him with horror. His mother was sitting on his father's knee, with her arms about his neck. She was kissing him. How awful! . . . He couldn't look at it. What on earth, he wondered, as he climbed back into bed, was it all about? There was something curious in the way they were talking, something not at all like fathers and mothers, but more like children, though he couldn't in the least understand it. Still, it was offensive.

He began to make up a conversation with Caroline Lee. She was sitting under the peach-tree with him, reading her book. What beautiful hands she had! They were transparent, somehow, like her forehead, and her dark hair and large pale eyes delighted him. Perhaps she *was* an Egyptian!

"It must be nice to live in your house," he said.

"Yes, it's very nice. And you haven't seen half of it, either."

"No, I haven't. I'd like to see it all. I liked the hairy wall-paper and the pink statue of the lady on the table. Are there any others like it?"

"Oh, yes, lots and lots! In the secret room downstairs, where you heard the silver clock striking, there are fifty other statues, all more beautiful than that one, and a collection of clocks of every kind."

"Is your father very rich?"

"Yes, he's richer than anybody. He has a special carved ivory box to keep his collars in."

"What does it feel like to die—were you sorry?"

"Very sorry! But it's really quite easy—you just hold your breath and shut your eyes."

"Oh!"

"And when you're lying there, after you've died, you're really just pretending. You keep very still, and you have your eyes *almost* shut, but really you know everything! You watch the people and listen to them."

"But don't you want to talk to them, or get out of bed, or out of your coffin?"

"Well, yes, at first you do—but it's nicer than being alive."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know! You understand everything so easily!"

"How nice that must be!"

"It is."

"But after they've shut you up in a coffin and sung songs over you and carried you to Bonaventure and buried you in the ground, and you're down there in the dark with all that earth above you— isn't that horrible?"

"Oh, no! . . . As soon as nobody is looking, when they've all gone home to tea, and the shovels are scraped and put in the tool-house, you just get up and walk away. You climb out of the earth just as easily as you'd climb out of bed."

"That's how you're here now, I suppose."

"Of course!"

"Well, it's very nice."

"It's lovely. . . . Don't I look just as well as ever?"

"Yes, you do."

There was a pause, and then Caroline said:

"I knew you wanted to steal my gold-piece—I was awfully glad when you put it back. If you had asked me for it, I'd have given it to you."

"I like you very much, Caroline. Can I come to Bonaventure and play with you?"

"I'm afraid not. You'd have to come in the dark."

"But I could bring a lantern."

"Yes, you could do that."

. . . It seemed to him that they were no longer sitting under the peach-tree, but walking along the white shell-road to Bonaventure. He held the lantern up beside a chinquapin tree, and Caroline reached up with her pale small hands and picked two chinquapins. Then they crossed the little bridge, walking carefully between the rails on the sleepers. Mossy trees were all about them; the moss, in long festoons, hung lower and lower and thicker and thicker, and the wind made a soft seething sound as it sought a way through the grey ancient forest.

IV

It had been his intention to explore, the next morning, the vault under the mulberry-tree in the park—his friend Harry had mentioned that it was open, and that one could go down very dusty steps and see, on the dark floor, a few rotted boards and a bone or two. At breakfast he enlisted Mary and John for the expedition; but then there were unexpected developments. His father and mother had abruptly decided that the whole family would spend the day at Tybee Beach. This was festive and magnificent beyond belief. The kitchen became a turmoil. Selena ran to and fro with sugar-sandwiches, pots of devilled ham, cookies, hard-boiled eggs, and a hundred other things; piles of beautiful sandwiches were exquisitely folded up in shining clean napkins, and the wicker basket was elaborately packed. John and Mary decided to take their pails with them, and stamped up and down stairs bang-

ing the pails with tin shovels. He himself was a little uncertain what to take. He stood by his desk wondering. He would like to take Poe's tales, but that was out of the question, for he wasn't supposed to have the book at all. Marbles, also, were dismissed as unsuitable. He finally took his gold medal out of its drawer and put it in his pocket. He would keep it a secret, of course.

All the way to the station he was conscious of the medal burning in his pocket. He closed his fingers over it, and again felt it to be a live thing, as if it were buzzing, beating invisible wings. Would his fingers have a waxy smell, as they did after they'd been holding a June-bug, or tying a thread to one of its legs? . . . Father carried the basket, Mary and John clanked their pails, everybody was talking and laughing. They climbed into the funny undignified little train, which almost immediately was lurching over the wide green marshes, rattling over red iron bridges enormously complicated with girders and trusses. Great excitement when they passed the grey stone fort. Fort Pulaski. They'd seen it once from the river, when they were on the steamer going to the cotton islands. His father leaned down beside Mary to tell her about Fort Pulaski, just as a cloud-shadow, crossing it, made it sombre. How nice his father's smile was! He had never noticed it before. It made him feel warm and shy. He looked out at the interminable green marshes, the flying clouds of rice-birds, the channels of red water lined with red mud, and listened intently to the strange complex rhythm of the wheels on the rails and the prolonged melancholy wail of the whistle. How curious it all was! His mother was sitting opposite him, very quiet, her grey eyes turned absently toward the window. She wasn't looking at things; she was thinking. If she had been looking at things her eyes would have wavered to and fro, as Mary's were doing.

"Mother," he said, "did you bring the bathing-suits?"

"Yes, dear."

The train was rounding a curve and slowing down. They had suddenly left the marshes and were among low sand-dunes covered with tall grass. He saw a man, very red-faced, just staggering over the top of one of the dunes and waving a stick. . . . It was hot. They filed slowly off the train, and one by one jumped down into the burning sand. How strange it was to walk in! They laughed and shrieked, feeling themselves helpless, ran and jumped, straddled up the steep root-laced sides of dunes, and slid down

again in slow warm avalanches of lazy sand. Mother and father, picking their way between the dunes, walked slowly ahead, carrying the basket between them—his father pointed at something. The sunlight came down heavily like sheets of solid brass, and they could feel the heat of the sand on their cheeks. Then at last they came out onto the immense white dazzling beach with its millions of shells, its black and white striped lighthouse, and the long, long sea, indolently blue, spreading out slow soft lines of foam, and making an interminable rushing murmur like trees in a wind.

He felt instantly a desire, in all this space and light, to run for miles and miles. His mother and father sat under a striped parasol. Mary and John, now barefooted, had begun laborious and intense operations in the sand at the water's edge, making occasional sallies into the sliding water. He began walking away along the beach close to the waves, keeping his eye out for any particularly beautiful shell, and taking great care not to step on jelly-fish. Suppose a school of flying-fish, such as he had seen from the ship, should swim in close to the beach and then, by mistake, fly straight up onto the sand? How delightful that would be! It would be almost as exciting as finding buried treasure, a rotten chest full of gold-pieces and seaweed and sand. He had often dreamt of thrusting his hand into such a sea-chest and feeling the small hard beautiful coins mixed with sand and weed. Some people said that Captain Kidd had buried treasure on Tybee Beach. Perhaps he'd better walk a little closer to the dunes, where it was certainly more likely that treasure would have been hidden. . . . He climbed a hot dune, taking hold of the feathery grass, scraping his bare legs on the coarse leaves, and filling his shoes with warm sand. The dune was scooped at the top like a volcano, the hollow all ringed with tall whistling grass, a natural hiding-place, snug and secret. He lay down, made exquisitely smooth a hand's breadth of sand, then took the medal out of his pocket and placed it there. It blazed beautifully. Was it as nice as the five-dollar gold-piece would have been? He liked especially the tiny links of the little gold chains by which the shield hung from the pin-bar. If only Caroline could see it! Perhaps, if he stayed here, hidden from the family, and waited till they had gone home, Caroline would somehow know where he was and come to him as soon as it was dark. He wasn't quite sure what would be the shortest way from Bona-

venture, but Caroline would know—certainly. Then they would spend the night here, talking. He would exchange his medal for the five-dollar gold-piece, and perhaps she would bring, folded in a square of silk, the little pink statue. . . . Thus equipped, their house would be perfect. . . . He would tell her about the goldfinch interrupting the Battle of Gettysburg.

V

The chief event of the afternoon was the burial of his father, who had on his bathing-suit. He and Mary and John all excitedly laboured at this. When they had got one leg covered, the other would suddenly burst hairily out, or an arm would shatter its mould, and father would laugh uproariously. Finally they had him wholly buried, all except his head, in a beautiful smooth mound. On top of this they put the two pails, a lot of pink shells in a row, like the buttons of a coat, and a collection of sea-weeds. Mother, lying under her parasol, laughed lazily, deliciously. For the first time during the day she seemed to be really happy. She began pelting small shells at father, laughing in an odd, delightful, teasing way, as if she were a girl, and father pretended to be furious. How exactly like a new grave he looked! It was singularly as Caroline had described it, for there he was all alive in it, and talking, and able to get up whenever he liked. Mary and John, seeing mother throw shells, and hearing her teasing laughter and father's comic rage, became suddenly excited. They began throwing things wildly—shells, handfuls of seaweed, and at last sand. At this, father suddenly leapt out of his tomb, terrifying them, scattered his grave-clothes in every direction, and galloped gloriously down the beach into the sea. The upturned brown soles of his feet followed him casually into a long curling green wave, and then his head came up shaking like a dog's and blowing water, and his strong white arms flashed slowly over and over in the sunlight as he swam far out. How magnificent! . . . He would like to be able to do that, to swim out and out and out, with a sea-gull flying close behind him, talking.

Later, when they had changed into their clothes again in the salt-smelling wooden bath-house, they had supper on the verandah of the huge hotel. A band played, the coloured waiters bowed and

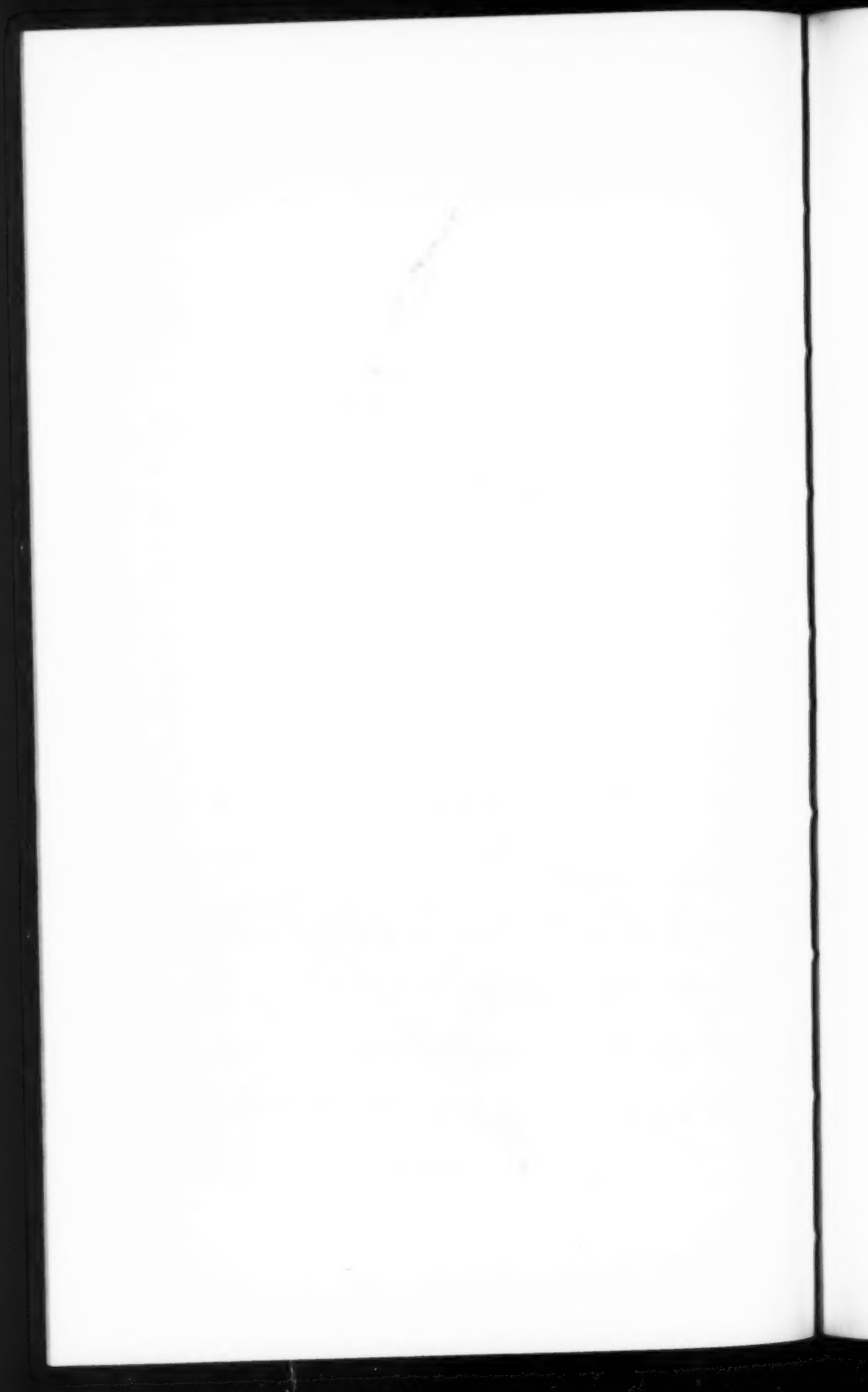
grinned. The sky turned pink and began to dim; the sea darkened, making a far sorrowful sound; and twilight deepened slowly, slowly into night. The moon, which had looked like a white thin shell in the afternoon, turned now to the brightest silver; and he thought, as they walked silently toward the train, of which they could see the long row of yellow windows, that the beach and dunes looked more beautiful by moonlight than by sunlight. . . . How mysterious the flooded marshes looked, too, with the cold moon above them! They reminded him of something, he couldn't remember what. . . . Mary and John fell asleep in the train, his father and mother were silent. Someone in the car ahead was playing a concertina, and the plaintive sound mingled curiously with the clacking of the rails, the rattle of bridges, the long lugubrious cry of the whistle. *Hoo-o! Hoo-o!* Where was it they were going—was it to anything as simple as home, the familiar house, the two familiar trees, or were they, rather, speeding like a fiery comet toward the world's edge, to plunge out into the unknown and fall down and down for ever?

No, certainly it was not to the familiar. . . . Everything was changed and ghostly. The long street, in the moonlight, was like a deep river, at the bottom of which they walked, making scattered thin sounds on the stones, and listening intently to the whisperings of elms and palmettos. And their house, when at last they stopped before it, how strange it was! The moonlight, falling through the two tall swaying oaks, cast a moving pattern of shadow and light all over its face. Slow swirls and spirals of black and silver, dizzy gallops, quiet pools of light abruptly shattered, all silently followed the swishing of leaves against the moon. It was like a vine of moonlight, which suddenly grew all over the house, smothering everything with its multitudinous leaves and tendrils of pale silver, and then as suddenly faded out. He stared up at this while his father fitted the key into the lock, feeling the ghostly vine grow strangely over his face and hands. Was it in this, at last, that he would find the explanation of all that bewildered him? Caroline, no doubt, could understand it. She was a sort of moonlight herself. He went slowly up the stairs. But as he took the medal and a small pink shell out of his pocket, and put them on his desk, he realized at last that Caroline was dead.



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST. BY YASUO KUNIYOSHI

Courtesy of the Daniel Gallery



JANUARY GARDEN

BY MELVILLE CANE

Insidious, elemental cold
Foglike steals
Over garden-mold
And seals
The flower-border like a grave.

Lower, deeper,
Inch on inch,
It spreads its iron hold.

Pores through which the rain and sunlight flowed
Now, instead,
Are stopped with icy lead.

Take a sharp pick,
Break the harsh thick
Wintry metal:
Once you might have found
Springing through the ground
What goes to shape a petal.

Once from here did issue
Palpitating tissue
Of larkspur,
And the earthy mesh
Warmed the velvet flesh
Of pansies.

Once from here did stream
Odor, like a dream—
That which, more than form or color, makes a rose a rose.

Beauty's womb
Is now a tomb
For frozen worms.

RENEWAL

BY CLARKSON CRANE

CARL felt angry with her for coming this way: why couldn't she leave him alone? Tall, sombre, expectant, he stood with hands in pockets looking from his apartment window at the foliage outside so clear-cut and motionless in the dense air of this September hot spell. She had written that she would come about two-thirty. A car from San Francisco had passed along College Avenue and stopped beneath him on the corner of Haste Street about two twenty-five: Mabel Richards had not been on it. He awaited the hard ring of the bell, thinking he might not have seen her when she got off. But five or ten minutes went by, and he remembered how she had often kept him waiting in the room in Paris, nearly an hour before she would appear. "The fool!" he muttered, "the fool!" If he should go now, and pretend when he saw her (if he ever saw her again) that her letter had not arrived in Berkeley until two days later, he would at least avoid this meeting, and she might perceive (he knew she would not) that he did not want to see her any more. With head down and hands behind his back, he walked slowly into the other room, around the dining table, then back into the front room, thinking that he might be studying (he knew simultaneously in a corner of his mind that he would not) and what nerve Mabel Richards had to write to the university for his address as soon as she returned to San Francisco. Then he heard a light rapping on the apartment door.

"Come in," he called, as gruffly as he knew how.

She came in slowly, closed the door behind her, and walked toward him, smiling in her melancholy way, her head, which was covered by a low round hat, held slightly to one side.

"She has grown fatter," Carl thought, as he said: "hello, Mabel."

"I didn't see your name on one of the mail boxes outside and I came right in. I asked a man with a beard down stairs where Mr Werner lived. He told me on the third floor."

She held her bag in joined hands before her and lowered her eyes.

"That's the landlord," Carl answered. He thought: "She wants me to kiss her. She acts as if she were sixteen. She must be at least thirty-five." He was saying aloud: "Sit down, Mabel. Yeah, over there."

She sat down on the sofa, having placed her gloves and purse in a small crumpled heap on his desk, took the cigarette he offered, accepted a light, leaned back among the cushions, and said, after contemplating him for a moment:

"You're looking well, Carl. Still brushing your hair in the same way. So stiff and black sticking up above your forehead. I've often thought of it."

He replied, "Um," then went on, "have a good trip out? Awfully hot, I'll bet."

"No. Not until we reached Sacramento. It was quite warm in New York the day I left, but Chicago was beautiful and cool."

Reclining there, smiling now and then in that rapid manner of hers and dabbing her cigarette frequently against the ash-tray, she told him of a day in Chicago with Amy Carter, whom she had known for years, of the delay near Omaha behind a wrecked freight train, of the first autumn colours in Michigan, which she adored, of the poor food in the dining car. "I'll go Santa Fe next time," she said, "I love the Harvey System. And then the Indians you see are so picturesque. How did you come out?"

"Troop train," answered Carl. He had been wondering, as she talked, where she got the money to dress so well. Of course, she received alimony from that fellow Richards, but not very much after all, considering the way she always lived. He had an unpleasant feeling at the thought that someone had been keeping her, some rich man in New York whom she had met after leaving the Red Cross. She had written him only once since they separated in Paris.

She asked: "Are you all right now, Carl?"

He shook his head. "Only fair. Same trouble I had in the army. Mostly my stomach, I guess. I'm trying to get compensation from the government. If I do, I'll go on studying here."

"Oh," she said, a shadow in her eyes, "I'm sorry. I thought you'd be all right." For a moment she was silent. Then, all at once, she popped forward, spilling cigarette ashes onto the couch cover, took his hand, squeezed it, exclaimed: "Poor old Carl, he's

a nice boy, but he's so gloomy!" and then relapsed into her former position, with that short little laugh, and drew her skirt away from the ashes strewn beside her. "On your nice couch cover," she added, glancing up at him from under her low hat.

They sat in the warm room with the cars droning by occasionally along College Avenue below, and the sunlight, as the afternoon advanced, streaming more and more through the windows which faced the west; and Mabel talked on about the good times they had had together in Paris during the winter following the armistice, of the little restaurants they had found in narrow streets after Carl had finished his work in the headquarters office, of Sunday excursions to St Cloud and Versailles, of the Grand Trianon silent, tinted, and melancholy in damp, grey air. He listened without enthusiasm, and noticed that her skin was no longer so faultless as it had been, or as he had believed it to be: her complexion seemed almost pasty now, with one or two pimples on her right cheek; and her voice had a disagreeable hoarse quality. He tried to imagine what she had been like more than six months ago in the plain Red Cross uniform. "Give me a cigarette, Carl dear," she exclaimed suddenly. Offering his open case, he remembered the charm her voice always had for him in these same words, and how he had wished to preserve on paper some indication of the way she went down the scale and then half way up, ending on a note plaintive and drawn out; and he examined her now more closely, almost expecting to see her as he believed that she had been. But it was as if the quality of voice and mannerism of accent had come from somewhere else to emerge only for a moment from this person who resembled the one he had once loved. "I guess I never loved her very much," he thought, and then said aloud, nearly to his own surprise: "Take off your hat, Mabel." When she removed it quickly, as a boy would snatch off a cap, and laid it beside her on the sofa, he could not understand how he had ever been attracted to this woman who sat now before him. She was not even dark as were most of the girls who had drawn him hitherto; there was no real colour to her hair; one could merely say that she was blonde; and then her nose and cheeks had a certain fleshiness, which even repelled him.

"What are you thinking about, Carl?" she asked.

A line of Verlaine came into his mind: "*Deux formes ont tout à l'heure passé*"; and he tried to recall the rest of the poem, but it

was gone somewhere. He answered: "A poem of Verlaine. I can't remember it."

"Oh, say it, please. I adore Verlaine!"

"I can't remember it," he repeated.

Mabel went on: "Carl, do they still want you to go into the store? Your father and brothers?"

He nodded.

"But you're not going to, are you?"

"I should say not."

She was looking at him earnestly, her eyes blinking now and then. Finally, as if after profound reflection, she said: "No, I think it's best you didn't."

"Why should I go into the store?" he exclaimed, preoccupied now with his own affairs. "There's something more in the world than business. A fellow has a right to lead his own life. I . . ." He paused, half-conscious of the stupidity of his words. Mabel was looking at him calmly, holding the cigarette in her left hand, her legs straight out before her with ankles crossed. What the devil was she thinking? Clearing his throat, he continued: "I want to study for a while, psychology mostly, and then have leisure to read." He considered it not worth while to go into details before her vague little mind. As a concession, he added: "I'm reading Dostoevsky."

"Mmm," she replied, her eyes lighting up.

"As if it were something to eat," he thought. "Little fool."

"What does your mother think?" Mabel asked.

"Oh, she's for me. That is she agrees with Father. But—ah—" he spoke slowly, "she feels sure that I'll come around to their way of thinking, and is perfectly willing for me to go on at the university. Of course," he paused thoughtfully for a moment, "of course, they don't understand me at all."

"Poor boy," said Mabel.

Carl looked toward her. She went on:

"But don't you think that most of the men who were in the war have a hard time adjusting themselves to ordinary life? I know a young man in New York who doesn't know what to do. He wants to go back to Europe as soon as he can. I mean—oh, well, everyone seems so restless."

Serious, she awaited his opinion. He answered finally: "Yes, maybe that's so," rather pleased at being victim of an epoch.

"Child of the century," he thought, and repeated: "Yes, maybe that's so."

"In the meantime," she said, glancing around the room, "you're comfortable here, aren't you? It looks like a nice place." She slid from the sofa, went to a closet, and drew aside the curtain covering the doorway. "What's in here? Oh, the telephone. What a lot of shoes you have! And all so well arranged. I never knew you were so neat, Carl."

He replied: "Um."

"You sleep in the other room?" She peered through the door. "Do you sleep in there, Carl?"

"No. Out on the little porch. It opens off that room."

"Oh, yes, and you eat there." She walked in. Carl heard her moving about. Finally, she reappeared, laughing. "I never saw such a vile kitchen. Come on, we'll wash the dishes." She was removing her coat.

"Oh, no," Carl said. "Not now."

Why did she have to trouble about such things? They had been sitting there, talking of important matters, and suddenly she had to leap up and wash dishes. "Not now," he repeated, but he followed her into the small kitchen where soiled dishes lay in piles in the sink, and caught the towel she tossed at him.

She rolled up her sleeves; hot water from the faucet rushed drumming into the pan: one by one she held toward him moist plates that steamed slightly.

"It seems to me," she began, "that enough of your family are in the store. Three brothers. What is Henry doing?"

"Writing advertisements at McCann's."

"I went into the store the other day, Carl."

"Did you?"

"Yes. I was on Market Street and all at once I saw 'Werner's' written across a huge building. I wondered if it could be your father's place, and I went in and asked for some ribbon. I looked all around for men that looked like your brothers. I think I should have recognized them from what you told me. I thought I might get your address from one of them."

Carl let the towel drop away for a moment from the dish and raised his head, wondering if she had been hanging around the store asking for him. She caught his eye and laughed.

"No, I didn't ask any one there. I got it from the recorder's office, just as I said." She laughed again. "Poor old Carl." Then: "Are they all married?"

"Hugo and Henry. Hugo has a kid."

"Oh, really?"

"He's about five years old. Billy his name is."

"And you're an uncle. I don't know why that sounds so funny. Uncle Carl."

He smiled. "It does, doesn't it?"

"Here, be careful of these glasses. Look out, they're hot." She remained for a moment idle, dish mop in hand, watching him. Then she took a greasy platter from the table and slid it under bluish water. "Does Henry like writing advertisements?"

Carl nodded. "He always wanted to be a writer," he answered, "and this is the next best thing to it. He kids himself along that he's doing creative work. Wait a minute, Mabel, I want to light a cigarette."

"Oh, you'll get ashes all over everything!"

"No, I won't. You see," he went on, shaking out the match, "Father thinks Henry is going to the dogs too. He doesn't like his wife."

"What's she like?"

"All right. Paints fairly well and she's a good cook. You see, Henry has known her for a long time. Met her several years before he went into the army."

"You and he get on well together, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. I'm over there a lot."

She asked slowly: "Does he understand you?"

"Oh," he said, "I guess so." They glanced at each other and laughed.

Most of the dishes were washed now. As he dried them, Carl had been putting them one by one on the shelf in the cupboard; and when they were all there, and only a few round puddles of water remained on the table, Mabel wrung out the mop, and removing the dish towel from Carl's hands, spread it out along the wire near the window. Then she wiped off the table with a rag found beneath the sink.

"Aren't you glad now we did that?" She stood rolling down her sleeves.

"Yeah, thanks, Mabel."

When they were going into the other room, after a few more dishes and pans had been set in order, Carl began to tell Mabel of a good little restaurant he had found in San Francisco, where one could get wine without paying too much, and where the food was well cooked. Discovering "good little restaurants" had been a constant occupation during their friendship in Paris. Carl would meet her and announce, more or less with joy, that he had learned of a place where one could eat well for only half as much as it had cost the night before. As Mabel sat down again on the sofa in the front room, Carl said: "It reminds me of that place in the Rue Jacob. You remember it, don't you?"

"Of course I do. The little American with the nostrils was in there."

"And that tall woman, La Tour Eiffel. I wonder what's become of her."

"Oh, yes, and the room behind the partition. We never could find out who the people were that went in there."

"Oh, by the way," said Carl, "Steffins is in Berkeley."

"Oh, really? He was a funny person. With that awful laugh. Do you remember how he was always talking about the *péniches*?"

Carl nodded.

"You were too," Mabel continued. "One day you told me that you'd like nothing better than spending a summer on one of them." After an instant she asked: "Do you still want to go to sea?"

"Sometimes. The other day I went aboard the F. W. Wilkens. That's the windjammer I made the trip to Honolulu on several years ago. Have a cigarette, Mabel."

He noticed, as he held a lighted match toward her, that her cheeks had more colour, and that she still had the habit of beginning a series of rapid and futile puffs before the flame touched the end of her cigarette. The room was cooler now, though the late afternoon sunlight blurred the framed pictures on the walls. As he sat down in an arm-chair near the desk, she picked up a book that lay beside her on the couch and said, opening it:

"You're not studying too hard are you, Carl?"

He laughed and answered: "No." Then it occurred to him all at once that he had asked her nothing about what she had

been doing since her return to America. For a moment he hesitated, fearing to seem over-anxious, but finally he began, gradually:

"Uh—how have you been, Mabel? Like New York?"

"Oh—yes. It's been all right. I've been terribly busy. With my course."

"Your course?"

"Yes. In short-story writing at Columbia."

"Oh, I see."

"I thought I might go on with my work here. Do they have courses in short-story writing at California? That was one of the things I wanted to ask you."

Carl was silent. "I guess so," he replied at length. Oh, well, suppose she did live near him in Berkeley. After all, she wasn't so bad. "I'll find out for you," he added. That curious feeling of displeasure at her coming to see him was fading now, and he wondered why it had been so strong. Mabel observed a clock on the desk.

"Carl," she asked, "what time can I get a car for San Francisco?"

"In about ten minutes," he answered. Suddenly, instinctively, he said: "Why don't you stay over for dinner?"

She shook her head.

"I must go back. I have an engagement in the city."

For a moment he felt relieved. Then, as he sat watching her there on the sofa, slowly, imperiously, brutally, a desire grew in him to possess her. Why not? She had been his often enough. What else had she come for? His face was becoming hot: he looked at her.

"Well," she exclaimed, taking her hat and rising quickly, "I must go."

While gathering up her gloves and purse she kept her eyes averted.

"Don't," Carl said.

"Yes, I must."

Her voice was higher than usual. The moment passed.

"Well," Carl said, "all right. I'll ring you up one of these days. I think I can find out all about the short-story course. A friend of mine over in the fraternity house is majoring in English and he knows all about things like that. I suppose you want one of the advanced courses. I've noticed some of that kind in the

catalogue. I'm sure you will be able to find just what you want." They had passed through the door into the hallway which was darker, and, one after the other, they began to walk down the stairs. Carl went on talking in a loud voice. "I've tried a little writing myself, but not very much. I met a fellow last week down where I was bowling who writes for some of the college papers—" They were on the ground floor, and the door was open.

"Good-bye, Carl," Mabel said, turning and thrusting forth her hand, "Call me up some time."

"I certainly will."

He stood on the threshold while she went down the front steps and crossed College Avenue to the corner where the car that ran to the ferry would stop, and he thought that he was glad he had not started anything; for he did not want to get entangled with a woman just at this time, when he had so little money and was beginning to work. And yet Mabel was not so bad after all. He was glad she had not asked at the store for his address: it would never do for Hugo to know of such things as this. Standing in the doorway, he looked at her over there on the corner, slender, darkly clad, against the yellowish wooden house with white steps; and he waved his hand in answer to her smile and nod. Then the long car, passing before her, groaned to a halt, and when it started again, he saw her on the rear platform, opening her bag.

II

He had seen her for an instant only, as there were other people surrounding her. Having received her change, she walked through the car into the forward compartment, holding the ferry ticket in her gloved hand, and sat down between two men who were smoking cigars. She could no longer see Carl. Poor Carl. He was a nice boy, but a little—she looked down at the spittle and cigar ashes along the corrugated floor—just a little stupid. Yet there was something awfully nice about him, in spite of his ill-temper and awkward ways, a certain—she did not know what, perhaps youthfulness, which made her want to do things for him. She wondered now, as she thought of him in the untidy apartment, whether she might not darn his socks or do mending of some kind. The car was drumming along at high speed. She was rather glad, after

all, that she had visited this boy whom she had decided, on reaching San Francisco, never to see again (she drove down once more the thought that she had come all the way from New York merely to see him); and sat watching the wooden and stucco houses of Berkeley go by, thinking quite suddenly that she might in no time have washed out the dish towel. She remembered Carl's expression of fear when he believed that she had asked for his address in the store. It was always that way, seeing herself in his eyes, or seeing there what he considered her. Even in Paris it had been the same. But not so much: Paris and the war and the armistice: all that was different. When the car stopped for the last time where she had to change onto an electric train, she arose and followed the men with cigars to the front platform. Stepping down, she saw her face for an instant in the mirror which the motorman uses to see behind him, and she thought that she must seem old to Carl who was only twenty-four. She found a seat in the train.

Carl would probably end up in his father's store with the rest of his brothers: he would never be happy if he were not making money, and the best way to do that was in the store. He had often been so gay in Paris. She had had a feeling of surprise, almost of repulsion, on first seeing him in the apartment. Did he really look like that? For a while she looked sadly at the brownish hills behind Oakland. Then, as the train glided out along the mole, she saw the dark oily mud-flats, tinted here and there with grey and blue, glossy black often. All this had once been so familiar to her. Other memories dimmed Carl in her mind.

She was on the ferry-boat at last, crossing the bay. Yes, she was glad she had gone to see Carl: he was a nice boy, and she might not see him again. Of course he was not a person to think about as she had thought about him in New York. That had been foolish (she walked over to the rail when they passed Goat Island); but he had some good qualities, and then what else was there in her life? There must be someone. She felt sad. Her life! She smiled. A nice mess it was. Jim Richards, then the French officer, and now Carl. Slowly, she paced to and fro on the deck.

When the ferry-boat thudded its way into the slip, and the crowds moved about her, she thought: "Good heavens! How silly I am!"

It was only six-thirty. The fog had not come in and the air

was warm; and Mabel decided to walk up to her hotel which was on Geary Street, not far from Union Square. Why was she troubling herself about that idiot Carl? She would never see him again. Crowds were on Market Street; the great cars pounded by; a few early lights were appearing. In a few days, she would go down to Los Angeles to visit her sister, and she would remain there all winter in the little white bungalow with the row of fat-bodied palms along the street outside. She felt like laughing at Carl now, sitting there gloomy in that ridiculous apartment. How could she have cared for him? Those heavy eyes rimmed with dark shadows. Really, he was unhealthy and she had pictured him as being so fresh and young. She walked faster along the sidewalk; people went by; there were more lights. She was free, free! All at once hatred rushed through her for this stolid and dark-faced young man with the awful bristly hair over his forehead. "The fool!" she muttered, "the fool!" Love that! She nearly laughed aloud.

She walked more slowly after she had turned off onto Geary Street. There would be time to lie down in her room before dinner, and then she would eat in the hotel and go to bed early. The grey mass of the St Francis rose above Union Square. Thinking of her sister and her brother-in-law (he was in the oil business in Los Angeles) she walked on to her hotel, and through the revolving door into the narrow lobby with the red carpet, brass cuspidors, and imitation marble pillars. And when the clerk handed her the key to her room, as she was moving away, he added:

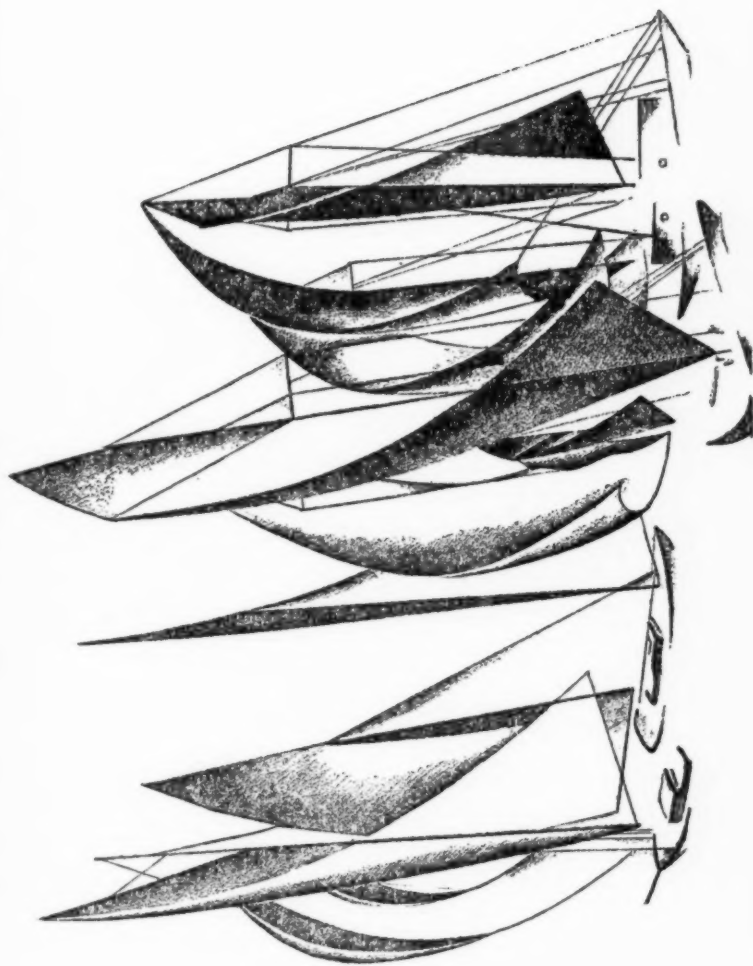
"A gentleman just called you up, Mrs Richards."

"Yes?" she said, turning back.

"He left his name. Mr Werner. He said he would call again."

Mabel said: "Oh, yes, thank you." She walked over to the elevator and stepped into the car. Then all at once she felt happy and wanted to cry out: "He's coming! He's coming!"

But she only stood there smiling, while the elevator climbed swiftly to her floor.



THE YACHTS. BY CHARLES SHEELER

TWO POEMS

BY BERENICE K. VAN SLYKE

SKETCH

Wolf-head pointed on heavy tawny paws,
He sleeps.
Under his nose
A moist spot on the floor
Widens from his quick breath;
Tail of curved wire,
Hind legs of steel,
Lie soft as wax.
A whimper from his hunting dream
Curls his unconscious lip.

Were I to speak,
The ring of quiet formed around this dog
Would break to noise,
To ripples of sound riding the air like foam.
I will not even whisper his name,
I shall let him drift like a yellow leaf
Over the waters of his brief, wild sleep.

SEA-CHANGE

Before a young lark sings,
For many an hour
He sits as mute and still
As bud of a flower.

Small head upraised to sun
He drinks the air,
The tranquil solitude
About him there.

TWO POEMS

He flicks his tail indeed
But his calm eye
Ignores his feathered reach
Were he to fly.

Yet if to him a bird
Begins to sing
He straightway answers back
And lifts his wing.

And he is born again
In double flight
Of song and pinion loosed
On seas of light.

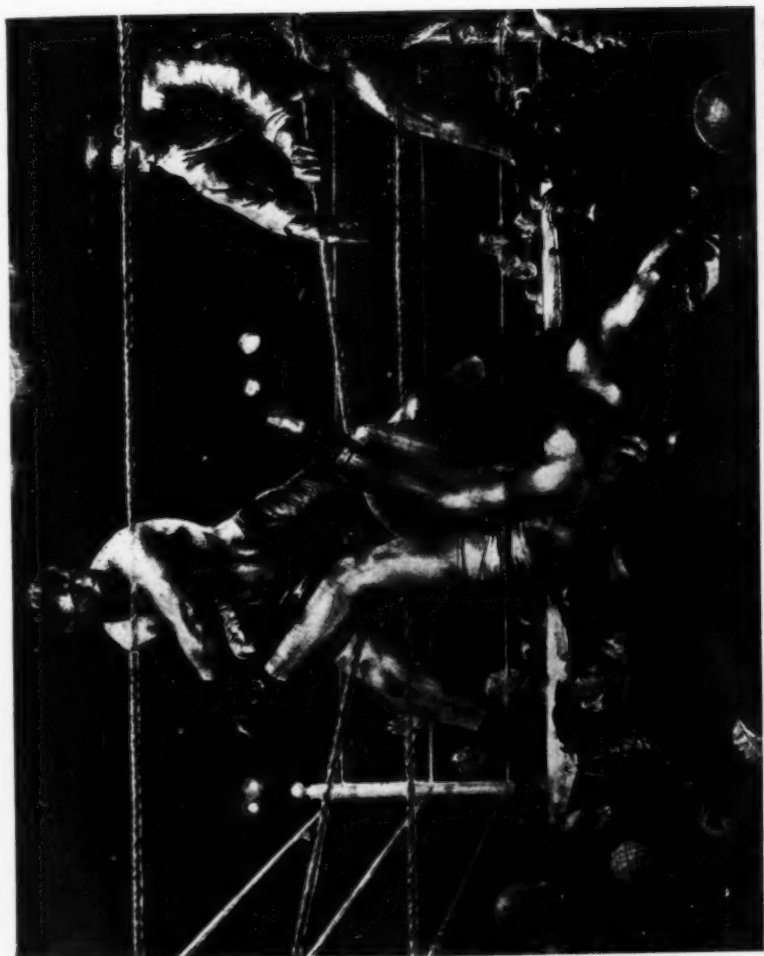
The voice that called to him
Was cause of this,
That silence after joy
Should beat with bliss.

Later the bird may sway,
Mute flower on bough,
But he has sung: his heart
Remembers how.



Courtesy of the Rehn Galleries

INTRODUCING JOHN L. SULLIVAN. BY GEORGE W. BELLOW



DEMPSEY-FIRPO, GEORGE W. BELLOW'S

Courtesy of the Rehn Galleries

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PARIS LETTER

February, 1925

IN the New York World of October fifth last appears the following:

"Readers of the Dial must have often wondered why that strenuously cosmopolitan review has hitherto neglected to provide itself with a Spanish correspondent. In the October issue, I observe, this lacuna has been filled in the person of Don Jose Ortega y Gasset, the editor of *La Revista de Occidente* and professor of metaphysics at the University of Madrid. Ortega y Gasset is one of the most distinguished men of letters in Spain. His 'Meditation on Don Quixote' and his literary and political essays have given him a place beside Unamuno in the hierarchy of Spanish letters. No more admirable correspondent could be found to represent for American readers the intellectual life of Spain to-day. But what, one naturally asks, has he to do with the Dial or the Dial with him? If one is capable of seeing European literature in perspective, it is impossible to conceive of a public getting its ideas of French literature from Paul Morand and its ideas of Spanish from Ortega y Gasset, et cetera."

The writer of this little article seems to me to know but very imperfectly whereof he speaks. Ortega y Gasset has nothing about him of the bearded philosopher of a Rembrandt painting. His is one of the most open and modern spirits of Western Europe, and his knowledge of the latest literary movements is certainly greater than that of many a journalist; the pages he has devoted to Proust in *La Nouvelle Revue Française* are clear enough proof of that. My conversations with him in Paris in 1921 (and I should add that there was nothing incongruous at that time in the juxtaposition of our opinions) and the young writers whom he then expressed a desire to meet, would supply me with many another proof. I can say that he will be the first to serve the young Spanish writers, and that his labours will be in the spirit

of *THE DIAL*—that very liberal spirit, hospitable to every talent of the globe.

I shall profit by the occasion offered me here to say that, in my Paris correspondence, I take pains to give *THE DIAL* a view as unbiased as possible of the contemporary literary movement in France, with special care not to alter the perspective for my foreign readers. I have the advantage of being considered a *dada* by the New York World and a frightful reactionary by the Sovietist republics of Montparnasse. Long years spent abroad have given me the habit of forming objective judgements of my country, while they have kept me free from coteries and literary friendships. If I give the younger generations the position they deserve, it is because it is high time to show the rest of the world that one can no longer speak of the "characteristically provincial immobility of French art," as did G. B. Shaw recently, in the course of an inquiry into French literature. (Shaw is like all the great writers of the past; he knows nothing of what has followed him. His opinions of French literature—he has never got beyond Maupassant—are childish.)

Amidst official pomp, Anatole France has been buried. His funeral was the occasion of a political manifestation, and attention was diverted from the catafalque to M Caillaux, who was making his re-entry into Paris. Men of letters were rare. On the bank of the Seine which he had loved so much, at the foot of Voltaire's statue, surrounded, like his own work, by booksellers' stalls, Anatole France was solemnized. If he was not a great writer, he was at least a great man of letters. His perfection of form, his moral scepticism tempered by general and generous ideas, his aridity of heart, his critical sense, his irreligion, his smiling culture that at times rose to erudition, and his taste for women, make him an almost perfect representative of the generation sprung from Renan, which is about to die out in France, although its slow pace and its horror of emotions enable it to last longer than one might expect.

Paul Valéry, whose prose is as rare and precious as his verse, has published, through the N. R. F., a series of essays under the title of *Variété*, of which the first, *La Crise de l'Esprit* is without doubt the most important essay which has appeared in Europe since the war. (The London Athenæum published it in April and

May, 1919.) It contains also a preface to La Fontaine's *Adonis* which is one of the most perfect literary bits one could read.

The researches of psychoanalysis and the descent into the abysses of the subconscious continue to dominate an important—and the most interesting—part of the literary production of the younger generation. Origins are investigated, and there has appeared a new edition of *Les Lauriers Sont Coupés*, by Edouard Dujardin, who, according to Joyce's own words, is the real father of the "interior monologue." The remarkable preface by Valéry Larbaud definitely settles this question of history. Elsewhere, under the name of *surréalisme*, there is growing a crusade for the subconscious, which affirms that the dream is the keystone of life. Centuries of reasoning and of spiritual criticism have driven back our French subconsciousness to unbelievable depths. In consequence, the necessary delving must be on a colossal scale. André Breton's *Manifeste du Surréalisme* is a useful thing to read, and a sharp instrument. At the moment it is having a great success. Now Tristan Tzara has collected in a volume his 7 *Manifestes Dada*, of historic fame.

Among the recent works of criticism which give an accurate idea of the new French literary values, I will mention *Le XXe Siècle*, by Benjamin Crémieux (N.R.F.) who since 1918 has made for himself a place in the first rank of criticism; the two series, *Une Heure Avec . . .*, by Frédéric Lefèvre, which the foreign reader will find a fruitful source of information on the currents of ideas in the past two years; *Impertinences*, by Maurice Martin du Gard, editor of *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, who has succeeded in France with this happy idea of a weekly literary journal; and *Quatre Hommes Entre Vingt*, by Pierre Dominique, one of the winners of the 1924 Grand Prix Balzac.

The death of Anatole France has revived interest in the re-issue of *Les Plaisirs et les Jours*, Proust's first book, which contains an excellent preface by the creator of *Monsieur Bergeret*. This book, which was almost unobtainable, contains the germ of much of the later work of Proust, and must take its place at the head of his works in the library of every Proustian amateur. *Je Vous ai Désirée un Soir* is the charming title of a very pleasant novel by René Boylesve. Georges Girard's *Les Vainqueurs* is a war story which presents faithfully that mingling of heroism and stupidity

which characterized the first months of the campaign of 1914. Drieu la Rochelle's *Plaintes Contre Inconnu* is a book of short stories through which there pass flabby, grouchy, stupid people, portraits at which the author excels, treated with a sober art and a sincerity which merit our esteem. Delteil, whose somewhat scandalous success, as well as his very genuine talent, are well known, gives us *Les Cinq Sens*, a novel of anticipation—a modern Defoe—a picture of great migrations of people fleeing to the poles before the plague, full of colour and exaggeration. I wish also to call attention to Philippe Soupault's new novel, *Les Frères Durandeu*, which shows a curious evolution of this fertile writer.

Among art publications, we have a new review of Asiatic art named *Artibus Asiae*, written in French, German, and English, with all the European specialists in Far-Eastern art for contributors. On the same subject, A. Lévy has published *Les Animaux dans l'Art Chinois* and *Les Laques de Coromandel*. The N.R.F. has issued an interesting monograph on the sculptor Bourdelle.

PAUL MORAND

BOOK REVIEWS

HISTRIONIC SECLUSION

CONVERSATIONS IN EBURY STREET. *By George Moore.*

8vo. 315 pages. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

IN Mr Moore's *Conversations in Ebury Street*, are to be found a criticism of Balzac, the already published lecture in French on Balzac and Shakespeare, a discussion with an American, and a number of "portraits"—notably that of Dujardin: in these discussions of novels, of the theatre, of painting, and of poetry, the honour of "prodigious memory" and much wit being shared with John Freeman, Walter de la Mare, Cunninghame-Graham, Edmund Gosse, and Granville-Barker. Reminding us by its tempo and method, of *Avowals*, this volume presents certain of Mr Moore's sensitively cruel, aesthetically flawless foibles: that intentional distorting of judgement, that pleased contemplation of the resolving of a promised climax into contradiction, that ever enlivening ingenuity and formal virtue. Certain characteristic crotchets present themselves with new vigour: the mischievousness of journalism: the unhelpfulness of "all the many Sirs" who have written about Shakespeare; as Mr Moore says, "*Il y a un proverbe français qui dit que les arbres nous empêchent de voir la forêt*": he reiterates, "Of French literature I know but a corner, and of the French language not much more": he reminds us that "education is of no help to anybody except teachers": alludes to "a quiet corner and a grave": and by emphasis upon "the simple reality" of certain chicken, and "the boycott of bass" which may "oblige" him "to organize a Bass Club," we are reminded of "that animality which is" to him, "our better part."

There are depths of colour in these imaginings and there are flaws. As a verbal virtuoso, Mr Moore is sometimes disappointing, presenting the paradox of a naturalness as oral as Bunyan's; and a naturalness so studied as to annihilate itself. There are inharmonious echoes of the Bible and of the English prayer-book, and

an intentional impertinence that on occasion becomes insult; one feels the lack of aesthetic tone in Mr Moore's displeasure with Hardy.

If, however, Mr Moore seems to succeed in his intention not to be sound, certain of his imaginary sentiments are most amusing, as when he says of true love: "It is nothing to inspire it, the difficulty is to feel it," and our admiration is engaged by his cat's play with painting—his exposition of a method untrammelled by the necessity for drawing or values—"the tap, tap, tap method" by which the pupil is enabled "to escape from a quality not easily distinguishable from linoleum."

The actuality of the eliciting principle as employed in these conversations, recalls Plato's dialogues, The Life and Death of Mr Badman, some of Jacob Abbott's most dramatically lifelike colloquies, and Landor; Mr Moore far surpassing the Imaginary Conversations one feels, in the circumstantial quality of parry and thrust. The disciplined celerity of the story-teller as we have it in the instantaneous evoking of a scene, moreover, arrests and takes possession of one as development succeeds development; studious economy of exposition being in no respect more conspicuous than his precision of epithet, as when he denominates Ann Brontë, "a sort of literary Cinderella" and is apprehensive of Wyndham Lewis as "the new Beelzebub." This positive precision, exemplified in his attitude to the work of others, appears in his reflecting that Balzac

"did not *write*; he registered his ideas, and his ideas are always so interesting that you read without noticing the ruts of verbal expression he slips into . . . until we come to translate or to read very, *very* attentively, the page appears to us to be not only well but splendidly written";

as in a flank attack upon journalism, his saying:

"At certain seasons locusts fall upon a country and devour it leaf by leaf, and in the same way French words have within the last few years fallen upon the English language and are eating up English words."

In that verbal dovetailing which is his passion, and that trouble-taking propensity in matters in which it pleases him to take trouble, we note the clearness obtained by repetition, item being added to item with an almost violent exactness; and in the following sentences, his sincere if somewhat ostentatious insistence that mechanism and literary effect are indivisible:

"During the first fifty pages of *The Brook Kerith* I tried to stint myself to the miserable *you*, which is not a word but a letter of the alphabet, at least in sound; but to weed out the *yous* means something more than grammatical changes; every sentence has to be recast; the rearrangement of the verbs is difficult sometimes, but of very nearly the same disciplinary advantage as the use of metre."

This attentiveness of the writer to the business of writing has resulted in Mr Moore's case, in some of the most accurate correct speaking known to one as when he says: "In reading the Elizabethans we are in salt water always; the verse is buoyant," and thus deprecates a metropolitan theatre: "Mean streets and a tangle of tramways from which we have to run for our lives like cats before pavement skaters, shatter our dreams."

"A book must go to a tune," he says, and plainly in his own writing, "the composition is balanced within and without." Just as one is alive to the more easy euphony of such phrases as "the epistle of an apostle," a "taxi, who took us in tow," "Augustus being among the gone," one is alive to more difficult harmonies—to the neat machinery, the grace, the impetuosity, the finality, of this writing which is, one ventures to feel, perfectly a counterpart to "a good play"—a definition of which is attributed by Mr Moore to Mr Granville-Barker:

"By a good play I do not mean a play that will run as long as a public house, but one that will encourage and enrapture those who seek pleasure in thought."

MARIANNE MOORE

AFTER-DINNER PHILOSOPHY

THE GENIUS OF STYLE. By *W. C. Brownell*. 12mo.
226 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

IN his newest book Mr Brownell has written a series of glosses to Buffon's statement that "Style is nothing other than the order and movement we put into our thoughts." His programme, he says, is not that of "defining the indefinable"; he will be content, rather, to "confine it within a compass narrow enough for contemplating comfortably." The result is a work displaying none of the gauntness caused by the lean and hungry pursuit of concatenated thought; and while filled with much sharp detail, the book has a clarity from line to line which it does not possess as a whole, so that it will, I believe, be more easily understood at a first reading than a third.

Mr Brownell employs puns, not for decoration, but as the backbone of his thoughts. His most vital distinctions are less definitions than jingles, although as jingles they are always charming. He speaks, for instance, with his undaunted mother-wit, of the contemporary tendency to wear less clothes than formerly, and suggests that it is "intrinsically egoistical rather than social . . . originating, perhaps, in a desire to experience a sensation by producing one." Or he complains of modern art:

"Portraying invisible transition, though securing rhythm by falsifying rhyme and reason, destroys the integrity of the dancing lady dislocated for the purpose. She is indeed fatally rhythmic; dance she must since, ceasing, and lacking the wherewithal, she would be unable to sit down."

It is safe to suppose that no more engaging book has ever been written on this "subject of philosophical discussion." Unfortunately, the author takes a positively Puckish glee in digression, not a "that reminds me" type of digression, but the digression of gratuitous distinctions which, while brilliantly lighting up some passing phase of the subject, often remind us that this phase did

not, for the purpose at hand, need lighting. We might say that Mr Brownell follows the course of his arguments like a terrier out for a walk with its master: he covers five times as much ground as necessary, but is on the highway only long enough to cross it.

The Genius of Style is primarily a plea for "aesthetic prose," prose which does not merely possess the more homely and serviceable virtues of clarity and precision, but also makes its appeal to our emotions as well as to our intellects. Mr Brownell does not mean that pure communication should be candied up with "aesthetic" qualities; what he is really concerned with is a plea for the use of prose in other functions than pure communication. He does not want prose considered as the opposite to poetry, one as a vehicle for the intellect and the other for the emotions. The issue involves merely shifting a centre of gravity. If the purpose of a novel, for instance, is to tell its plot, style becomes dalliance in direct ratio to the acquisition of qualities beyond clarity and precision. But if the tone of the novel is taken as its *primum mobile*, and the plot is considered merely as one of the many potentials for conveying this tone, then clarity and precision are hardly more than a basic framework, and the more "written" aspects of speech come into prominence.

In terms of authority, Mr Brownell can readily enough establish his issue, by simply recalling the outstanding English authors who have written aesthetic prose. It is in his dialectical justification that he becomes confusing, and I believe this confusion to result from his unconscious use of the word "style" in two senses.

He speaks of "the quality of style, that is, of an *ensemble* of structure and rhythm." Style occurs when the "whole composition is modelled by the details functioning as forces." Style is "the organic factor in art of any kind, the factor in virtue of which every part of any whole becomes at once a means and an end." The genius of style, "which remembers and anticipates in the act of expression." All these statements seem to mean by style that growth and consistency of the art-work which is usually designated as form. Yet we also find "style" used for "pomp," or "ceremony," as when he regrets that the Brooklyn Bridge was not given an architectural finish, "something comparable to the Karlsbrücke towers." Obviously, the Brooklyn Bridge does have style in the sense of consistency, appropriate detail. A piece of

engineering, to stand, must have. And if Mr Brownell wants it to have "more style," he wants it more decorative, more ceremonious. Thus he could praise the style of Newman because it "seems to celebrate the subject rather than expound it, as a song does its words." Mr Brownell's chapter on style as a chastening influence on our social habits is built entirely on this second meaning of "style," for obviously it is not consistency, but ceremony, which could produce such results.

At other times "style" seems to mean simply "theme" or "message," as when he speaks of "style touched with emotion." And when he quotes as an example of style Arnold's "He is, he is with Shakespeare," he does not seem to mean style as major form, as the relation of detail to some larger unit, as "remembering and anticipation," (otherwise, how could he quote the sentence as an example of style without explaining its exact position and function in its context?); but he is pointing out as style a sentence which has a formal peculiarity of its own. The sentence is a kind of broken repetition, comparable to Yeats's "I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree"; and its appeal lies in the fact that it is really a rhetorical device not yet abstracted into a formula. The Bible, translated under the close suggestion of the original tongues, frequently has beautiful varieties of non-English in which the stylistic value is, similarly, that of a latent formula. But these other senses of "style" are less confusing, and the major confusion of style as consistency with style as ceremony is all we need consider here.

The basis of Mr Brownell's plea is that style is a "not-ourselves ideal," and utilizes certain laws of perfection which are outside the individual. ("Not-ourselves" is a misnomer, since if such laws exist, they are not "not-ourselves," but "not exclusively ourselves": we sense them as individuals, and in common with the rest of mankind.) In opposition to this "not-ourselves" ideal of style (and here surely is meant style as form, as growth) Mr Brownell speaks of manner, which is the expression of the personality. Although the author gives no specific examples of manner, he does quote Sainte-Beuve to the effect that manner is dictated by the nature of the author's talent. "Manner" seems to signify one specific equipment, readily traceable to the personality, one limiting mould into which the author pours his

subject. Waldo Frank's *staccato* treatment of every subject, for instance, would be thus a manner. And perhaps there is also manner in Sherwood Anderson's gesture of the half-articulate prophet.

In this sense "manner" is to be differentiated from form, while ceremony (hitherto masking under "style" as a "not-ourselves ideal") would reveal itself as the expression of the personality, thus being one kind of manner. With such a revision of Mr Brownell's terms, he could counsel form, the "not-ourselves," as that element which makes for a work's perfection within its kind. It would be a technical, or non-moral attribute, and as readily accessible to the pornographic and the diseased work of art as any other. But he could ask that authors employ a ceremonious, or dignified, or appealing manner, which necessitates the uplift of the personality, and is thus a moral attribute. But Mr Brownell's avoidance of this dissociation looks like a bit of unconscious Jesuitry, giving as it does the impression that a man must have a noble soul to have a good technique, disguising for a technical age moral values as concerns of craftsmanship, attempting to insinuate ethics into those who have little religion beyond art. I believe that Thomas Mann's discovery of moral values as deeply emotional, and as thus making for the richer art, is a less tortuous and more convincing method of arriving at the same conclusion.

But Mr Brownell's book, with its hale and balanced prose, is an excellent one, and rides beautifully above what to me seem like inconsistencies in its reasoning. Furthermore, its central purpose is so obviously less the elucidation of its subject than the expression of a sprightly and keen-witted personality (less consistency than ceremony) that it seems almost *mal apropos* to stress its argumentative aspect. The *Genius of Style* is not a discourse on style, but an after-dinner speech on style, tricked out with the most entertaining compliments, anecdotes, and asides. And if, on finishing it, we understand style the less, we may congratulate ourselves upon having seen Mr Brownell the more, and having enjoyed his jibes at some mythical body of thought which, so far as the mute and inglorious oncoming generations are concerned, might in some vague way be H. L. Mencken, or non-existent, or both.

KENNETH BURKE

BAZALGETTE AND THOREAU

HENRY THOREAU, Bachelor of Nature. By *Léon Bazalgette*. Translated by *Van Wyck Brooks*. 8vo. 357 pages. *Harcourt, Brace and Company*. \$3.

SINCE Bernardin de Saint-Pierre French literature has come variously to America for materials and forms wherewith to recreate itself. The greatest instance is still perhaps that of Chateaubriand whose impossible Indians may outlast the too possible Frenchmen of Flaubert. The sustenance which Stendhal won from contemplation of our scene for the aesthetic of his novel of the modern will is less widely recognized. We are aware however of how the symbolists transfigured Poe; and more recently of the enthusiastic creation by the Dadaists of a romantic America of cowboys, skyscrapers, and jazz. Romantic movements in classicist France are ever forages for nurture rather than voyages of discovery. Like Greece, France is omnivorous and egocentric. In every period of influences her writers are like a family consuming beefsteak. That beefsteak will become, let us say, part of a lanky father, a fat mother, a bad pagan boy, and a noble Christian sister. At this moment, we may behold America turn into Louis Aragon, Valéry Larbaud, and Bazalgette. . . .

Bazalgette's translation and biography of Whitman had a dynamic share in the slow stirring of French letters, away from the Narcissus mood which led to the masterworks of Claudel, Valéry, Proust, and Gide, toward a new gesture of spiritual excursion whence a good range of fresh romantic stuffs will accrue for the young classicists to work on. His Whitman was a biography that held fairly close to the narrative form, save that a lyrism illumined it and made it speak with emphasis and fervour to the imagination of the French. In Henry Thoreau, however, Bazalgette stands revealed more clearly: a poet himself, and a prophet, he employs a certain spiritual experience made manifest in America because less assimilated here than the experience of Rousseau and of Tolstoy in their lands; and he makes of it his own spiritual Word for France. This technical analogy between Bazalgette

in sophisticated Paris writing of Thoreau, and Chateaubriand in rationalist Paris dreaming of our virgin forests must not be strained too far. Bazalgette is less a poet than Napoleon's noble hater, but he is more historian and critic. His book has the lilt and passage and effect of a packed personal paean; and yet it is perhaps the best of all pictures of our great New England. There is no phenomenal relation between Chateaubriand's America—or that of the Dadaists—and ourselves. Their work is therefore not negotiable beyond their immediate needs. But clad in the fine English of Mr Brooks, Bazalgette's Thoreau responds to our experience. It becomes an American classic as surely as it is a French one.

The method is not narrative: it is a composite of allusiveness, colloquy, lyrical projection, and dramatic scening. A hard method to follow unflagging through three hundred pages; and at first the frail figure of Thoreau seems insufficient for it. The author has sustained his tone with ruthless logic that at times may pall. One would occasionally welcome passages in a more direct, conventional prose. But the consequence of the author's lack of mercy is an aesthetic form the more remarkable when one considers the after all comparative slightness of Thoreau's stuff and the frustrate colours of his *milieu*. At the end, one realizes that this unsparing method was the inevitable right one for the subject. Thoreau's greatness did not loom like Whitman's. It was the consequence of impacts on a small living nucleus, of the organic yet reactive growth of that nucleus within an inchoate social envelope. When he created his Whitman, Bazalgette had but to follow Whitman. Hence his use of narrative was correct. Even the Civil War fell into place as a sort of objective scene for the hero's progress. Creating Thoreau, Bazalgette creates primarily the New England town, and the woods and the rivers and the birds, creates the astringent air of Emerson and Alcott, creates Mr Greeley and his Tribune, John Brown and his raiders, Lyceum audiences and village ne'er-do-wells. A superb massivity of America bounding Thoreau gives him his dimensions by indirection and by the dynamism of the man's responses. It was a subtle task, and Bazalgette has done it. It required a complete mastery of the American scene; and the extent to which this Frenchman who has never visited our land knows it—its past, its present, *and* its future—is

uncanny. Where did he learn what a New England village feels like, what winter is, in a Canadian wood? How did he catch this scent of the Emersonian family, this shuttling rhythm of Broadway, this dark deluvial stain in the Judge's house in Staten Island? No mere thorough scholarship can explain it. Chateaubriand's Indians, Baudelaire's Poe are alien and exotic. Bazalgette possesses a true intuition of America. Strange as it may seem, he loves us—loves our promise, our struggle to evolve it. But his love is clairvoyant: his mind has stratified his vision of us with analytic understanding. He knows the heartbreaking husk of social and psychic life in which our promise stifles. Bazalgette is a Roussinean romanticist in that he chooses to bring to Paris our Thoreau as a reality *for it*, from the New England town. But he is no romanticiser of the town. Nor of Thoreau who emerges from the book as a true hero almost by a process of survival. Thoreau is a hero of his age, we gather, because his age was otherwise unheroic.

The book is a new type of novel, if you please, rather than biography in the strict French sense. There is a new novel form—the Proustian—in which the hero is literally "I". An example of it in our language is Mr Anderson's *Story Teller's Story*. Here is another kind of novel—a sort of Crocean history—in which a real personage is drawn ruthlessly as regards the facts and yet with dionysian freedom in spiritual emphasis and in aesthetic.

A work like this dares to contain anything: and there is to be found here a bit of literary criticism so original in form that it must be mentioned. Thoreau and Whitman meet. Their talk is a failure. Walt is distrustful of this highbrow Yankee who has so consciously turned away from Harvard. Bazalgette records the futile dialogue and adds to it, by way of antistrophe, an imagined dialogue consisting of responses gleaned from the two men's work. The effect is powerful and convincing: a contrapuntal fugue that does more to prove the nuclear energy of the American mind and its unity, in variety, of direction, than a score of essays.

Mr Brooks's translation has a tendency toward "toning down." The original title, as an instance, reads "Henry Thoreau, Sauvage." This might be faithfully englished as Henry Thoreau, the Untamed. Mr Brooks has preferred to substitute Emerson's "bachelor

of Nature." Perhaps he shares somewhat Emerson's Apollonian attitude toward this nature-drunk, nature-sweet, neo-primitive neighbour. But the translation is very far indeed from a betrayal. It is the process whereby Bazalgette's book becomes indigenous and takes its place in our American literature between the old and the new. Thoreau stands with Whitman and with Melville for the creative transitional gesture between that new America, inheritor of Old World forms, and our old America, creator of a new world. Of this hazardous long birth-hour in whose travail we persist, there is no lovelier expression than the prose of Van Wyck Brooks.

WALDO FRANK

PSYCHOLOGY WITHOUT COMPROMISE

THE PRACTICE AND THEORY OF INDIVIDUAL PSYCHOLOGY. *By Alfred Adler. Translated by P. Radin.*
8vo. 352 pages. Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$6.50.

NOWADAYS, when people talk of the "new psychology," they mean prevailing the ideas about the human mind deriving from the work of Freud and his associates. Although the custom is to lump this work in a single, solid, homogeneous mass, it is, in fact, still nebular, with three definite heads distinguishable in it. At the centre is the system of human nature constructed and stated, more or less architecturally, by Freud himself and accepted as the incontrovertible orthodoxy by the congregation of the faithful. To the right and to the left are the heterodoxies of Jung, the Swiss, and Adler, the Austrian. Both heterodoxies consist primarily in a rejection or deprecation of the cardinal orthodox dogma regarding the supreme rôle of sexuality in the life of man from birth to death. Jung absorbs this sexuality in a prior and wider stream of activity which turns his speculations regarding human nature into a metaphysical sentimentalism of the type of Eucken or Bergson. Adler subordinates this sexuality to a prior and wider "will-to-power" which allies his speculations concerning human nature with a metaphysical voluntarism of the type of Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Vaihinger. Both philosophers of mind differ from their metaphysical relatives in that they generate their speculative dogmas out of the material provided by means of the technique of psychoanalysis, of which both are practitioners. This technique is the common denominator of the three sects. The rest may be considered what Adler would call "arrangements" of the material drawn out by the technique.

Individual Psychology is a redundant compilation of Adlerian "arrangements." It consists of a collection of twenty-eight occasional pieces, the earliest dating from 1911. Their sequence has been made, as nearly as it could be, logical rather than temporal, and the themes mount in technicality and range as the essays pro-

ceed. There are subjects as varied as the psychic treatment of trigeminal neuralgia and Dostoevsky; myelodysplasia and the individual-psychology of prostitution. Nevertheless, the essays do not avoid being boresomely repetitious. Dr Radin, in his work of translation, seems not to have succeeded so well as he might have in reducing the unnecessarily technical, involved, and pontificating style of the originals to a direct and readable English. Those who are familiar with Dr Adler's German will, however, not too greatly blame him. They will remember how much worse that is than even the bad German most of the German-speaking psychoanalysts seem to have fallen into.

Adler calls his system of human nature the system of "individual psychology." He intends by this phrase that the psyche of each man is always to be considered an organic and indissoluble unity. It is a whole, as the Hegelians used to say, with a capital W. In every single act or aspect of a life, no matter how contradictory any may be to any other, this whole is present as the effective agent. Its essence is to be a goal, generating the means of its attainment by its reactions upon its environment; its quality is of drive or will aiming at power, at superiority over its settings. The specific conditions it reacts to will provide the instruments with which it establishes its superiority *in feeling*, and the moulds of character in terms of which this superiority is pursued and maintained. The process begins in earliest infancy. Indeed, the first cry of the new-born is a sign of felt insecurity; an insecurity extended and intensified by its manifold relations to the adult world on which it depends. The child early begins to feel inferior, often because of some sensed or perceived inferiority of organ in itself. The whole of its life soon becomes a persistent effort to overcome this *feeling* of inferiority, and to replace it by a *feeling* of superiority and security. Such a feeling need not, and hardly ever does, register a real superiority and security. It is not a recognition of reality and an adjustment thereto; it is an aversion from reality, an evasion of it, a compensation for it. The *feeling* of superiority is attained by means of autogenous fictions and in the pursuit of a "fictitious goal." Sometimes it is created by bullying, aggression, self-assertion; sometimes by submission, weakness, all the frailties and perversions, many sorts of disease. Sexuality and sex-relations are often its instruments, and merely instruments.

The feeling of superiority, centred in the fictitious goal, is striven for universally. Everybody is doing it, but doing it without knowing, hiddenly. Everybody has a "secret life-plan" that dominates and directs every phase of his conduct and evinces itself in his carriage, his postures, his fantasies, his dreams, his dogmatisms, his intolerances, his envies, his pleasure in the misfortunes of others, and so on. These are all substitutes for the struggle with reality, short-cuts to security; as a rule their intensity exceeds the requirements of self-preservation in the struggle. All the relationships they designate are reducible to the basic one of superior-inferior and this is especially symbolized in terms of the relationships of the sexes. The superior is always masculine, the inferior always feminine; Adler designates the demand for superiority as "the masculine protest." It stands out in neurotics.

The urge to superiority is not, however, the all of the Adlerian system of human nature. Over against the will-to-power is set "the eternal, real, physiologically-rooted community feeling." This Adler signalizes as the source of tenderness, love of neighbour, friendship, and love. His system of psychology, in fact, is described as seeking to make the "community-feeling" dominant—"to gain a reinforced sense of reality, the development of a feeling of mutual goodwill, all of which can be gained only by the conscious evolution of a feeling of the common weal and the conscious destruction of the will-to-power."

Well. . . .

In the matter of systems of psychology, you can pay your money and take your choice. The limen at which observation drops out and speculation sweeps in is very low. The body of observed and verifiable data is not too large and is neutral to the inferential systems which abut upon it. It will set at the same time with equal indifference and equal ease into the mutually contradictory elaborations of Freud, of Jung, of Adler, of the behaviourists, and all the other schools. Its neutrality carries a warning for those observers to whom correctness is more important than systematization, and accuracy more desirable than cure or reform. For my taste, Dr Adler is too ardent. He says in the preface:

"Individual psychology is now a definite science with a limited

subject-matter and no compromise can be admitted. This intransigence arises . . . from the inexorable logic of a treatment of phenomena as mutually related. We shall never agree to change the fundamentals of human psychology which it has established and to adopt others in their stead. And we shall also never be under the necessity of undertaking a special enquiry into sexual factors long after the other aspects of psychic life have been investigated. Individual psychology covers the whole range of psychology in one survey, and as a result it is able to mirror the indivisible unity of the personality."

Maybe so. Unhappily the history of science, and of psychology no less, is a history of compromises. "Fundamentals" change very often in it, and "never" is a word not written in its painful lexicon.
Verb. sap.

H. M. KALLEN

DAUMIER AND THE NEW SPIRIT

DAUMIER, PEINTRE ET LITHOGRAPHE. *By Raymond Escholier.* 4to. 275 pages. H. Floury, Paris. \$7.50.

IT is by no means an accident that a new and exhaustive book on Daumier should appear at this time. M Raymond Escholier's study is in harmony with the new spirit—with the rising tendency among critics and artists alike to reconsider the question of subject-matter in its relation to aesthetic accomplishment. For almost a score of years the vast bulk of influential speculation has been concerned primarily with the hopeless effort to separate sentimental, social, and moral activities from what is erroneously labelled pure aesthetics. Except for an occasional philosopher like Havelock Ellis, who, with tremendous persuasion and a remarkably flexible imagination, has broken down the rigid limitations imposed upon the theoretic spirit by Croce, and has considered art in terms of universals, the aim of recent criticism has been, consciously or unconsciously, to place the artist in a world of his own, and to give him, by legislation, one might say, the unique individuality which all of us in our vainglorious moments would secretly attain. From Oscar Wilde's *The Critic as Artist*, to the flood of muddled interpretations of present-day psychology in which the one who appreciates—the amateur, the collector, and the critic—is regarded as important as the creator, the assumption has been that one has only to comprehend a work of art in order to win a seat among the privileged coterie. Current speculation, as a consequence, has developed a double objective, and the artist, on reaching his high and unique position, has found to his astonishment, that his supporters have tagged enviously after him. This is only natural: defenders of an aristocracy have always esteemed themselves as aristocrats, and it is equally reasonable to conclude that writers and talkers who have lifted an artist to the heights should expect to participate in his superiority.

This critical attitude has sprung from two bases, the scientific (psycho-physiological) and the emotional (spiritualistic or soul-cultural) but the machinery involved in both cases is iden-

tical—it consists simply in restricting the range of the significant factors in art production and appreciation. By limiting the factors to those whose understanding rests upon special training or unusual experience, the number of the elect is considerably lessened, and the prestige of the chosen few is correspondingly enhanced. That part of aesthetic creativeness which is exempt from ordinary human conflicts, or which can be made to appear so, becomes the very marrow of significant values. Technique, essentially a matter for artists or a handful of dilettantes with plenty of time for investigation, is accordingly a field already prepared, and this field, when judiciously fenced in, is soon completely isolated from vulgar understanding. It only remains then for the aristocrats to drag into their exclusive little province the values belonging to the whole of art, and to present them as attributes of a minor technical issue. Furthermore, any technical factor, when disguised in terms of physiological mechanics or psychology, can be magnified to an extraordinary degree. "The purification of art" was the fine name given to this process of dehumanization; and the great majority of those interested in painting made an effort, irrespective of the true nature of their beliefs, to advance the idea. It was a captivating fallacy, and to be looked upon as "in the know," one was forced to subscribe to the pompous chatter about abstraction, empathy, dynamic colour, significant form, and what not.

I doubt if there has ever been a more striking example of the suppression of individual intelligence by group pressure, and I could name a dozen exceptional artists who submitted for the time to the petty tyranny of cocksure aesthetes and the devotees of popular cults. The reason is not far to seek. Talent is a mystery, and the technique through which talent manifests itself is equally mysterious to the uninitiate. The young artist, innocent of the mechanical principles of his craft, and the unenlightened layman are therefore eager to seize upon any explanation offering a solution of the mystery, and to welcome the leadership of the specious dialectician. When we take into account the common tendency toward self-aggrandizement, we shall the more readily understand why the most acceptable explanation would be one which magnifies the difficulties of appreciation. The young artist and the layman are alike in their desire for prestige, and are inclined to adopt

exalted theories, especially if these theories make no demands on hard sense, and may be paraded as evidence of superiority. The various cults founded on the technique of line and colour organization raised mediocre ability to a glorious eminence, and provided the possessor—and the appreciator as well—with imposing arguments for personal distinction. To be “highly sensitive” in an esoteric and extravagant sense was the supreme honour, and any painter ingenious enough to erect a precious mythology round a few lines, or daubs of colour, was assured of an enviable position. Thus the artist experienced the pleasure of triumphing over his *confrères*, and the appreciator gained the reputation for rare judgement and acumen. There is no need to go further into details—all of us, I think, are now familiar with the machinery of talent-sublimation, and most painters of intelligence have at last perceived that foolish exploitation inevitably leads to a disastrous impasse. The business of reading cosmic values into inconsequential performances is not dead—it has fallen like a blessing on the photographers, and it is the mainstay of certain types of modernist collectors—but it is no longer a menace to progress.

The separation of technique from meaning, that is to say, of the material elements from the imaginative content of form, was the outcome of an abnormal development of one of the universal characteristics of art. Abstraction, together with the elaboration of experiences, has been truly referred to as “the very soul of artistic struggle”; it contains the characteristics of all constructive processes—once we admit that art is not mechanical imitation—and the steps from experience to expression are not fundamentally different from those in other departments of mental activity. Normally the result of abstraction and its attendant spiritual synthesis is something objectively valuable. That is its biological function—it is merely a means to an end. Art divorced from teleology is comparable to any one of those distortions of normal processes which make for insanity. When the means, for instance, of sexual satisfaction are removed from actual experience, the mind of the victim begins to wander into a world of fantasy, and the result is an ineffectual vision which, instead of attaining an objective and valuable end, curses the afflicted individual with an endless array of extravagant subjectivities. The parallel in art is the separation of the technical procedure of abstraction and elaboration from

experience on the one hand, and from intelligible meaning on the other. Valuations, at once purely arbitrary and subjective, overwhelm all effort, and finally terminate in the complete negation of objective achievement. This curious perversion of talent is also accompanied by a steady decrease of creative energy, and we find to-day that many of those artists who so recently championed the cause of abstraction and ridiculed the idea of objective meaning in aesthetics, have passed off the stage, carrying with them for consolation a shallow baggage of cynicism. Many, however, have come to grips with the subjective fetish, and have returned to earth again—wiser, perhaps, for their experience. To those the future.

Daumier brought his great work to its conclusion before the mania for technical speculation had alienated art from humanity. He had told his story completely, definitely, and with gigantic incision, before the difficulties of Cézanne's message had been converted into a philosophy. One has only to examine the beautiful reproductions in M Escholier's volume to see how Daumier's drawing and painting reflect the virility and thoroughly healthy nature of his mind. In his art there is not the slightest evidence of any cult of special meanings or transcendental theories. Such abstractions as "organization for its own sake," with its consequent train of rationalizations, were as foreign to his genius as they were to the image-making brain of his aesthetic antithesis, William Blake.

Blake and Daumier, diametrically opposed in their emotional attitudes, have at least one noteworthy resemblance: neither artist sets up a barrier of technique between himself and his world. With both of these men the implements of presentation are never permitted to obscure the underlying intention, and means become an end in only a most temporary fashion. No painter, of course, can afford to be negligent of his processes, but the true artist recognizes that technique is only an intermediary between his experiences—his subjects—and his creative end.

In Daumier I find a lesson that bears directly on the confusions of modernist tendencies. This lesson is twofold. In the first place, he exposes the futility of technical subjectivities. An analysis of his art from a purely structural point of view reveals the fact that his organizations in plane and line are superior, as such, to practically the whole of that great mass of subsequent work which

has been done with the sole purpose of proving how interesting the abstraction can really be made. The conclusions to be drawn from this comparison cannot be developed in detail in a brief essay, and for the present a general observation will have to suffice. The abstractions of the Cubists and other recent schools are, at bottom, founded upon abstractions, and being separated from experience by a double degree, are not so stimulating, even in a technical sense, as the primary symbols employed in representative delineation.

Second, Daumier's work is living testimony to the profound importance of subject-matter, and to the great benefits derived by the artist who attaches himself to well-grounded interests and convictions, and adheres to the character of his early impressions. The French painter's straightforward narrowness of response to his environment has always seemed to me to be decidedly advantageous to individual expression. Artists from all quarters of the globe flock to Paris, and struggle sedulously to acquire the "cosmopolitan touch"; the Frenchman, perfectly satisfied with his own country, smiles at his foreign imitators, paints pictures which have the unmistakable stamp of his own soil, and thus perpetuates the spirit of art. The Frenchman is proud of his provincialism, and affixes the Gallic seal to everything he touches. If you remind him that his amazing fertility in abstract painting has its origin in certain tendencies of the Italian Renaissance, he will reply that he has given this expression the flavour of his own land—and that is enough.

From this I venture to add a corollary for the benefit of painters on this side of the Atlantic. Is the young American ambitious to become an artist, or is he content to sink himself in a poverty-stricken dilettantism? Is he to hang his reputation on the latest fads from Paris, or is he to profit by the profound example of the greater Frenchmen such as Daumier, and develop the meanings of his own land and kind? If the young American feels within his heart that he must go to France, then I advise him, by all means to go, but to spend most of his time in the Louvre. Let him study the masters both of the old art and the new, but if he desires to function as a creator, let him return to the life into which he can enter emotionally, and let him forget the existence

of the French capital, and the quarter where every conceivable romanticism is professionally nourished.

The time has come when the intelligent layman can no longer be persuaded that art is a bodiless abstraction, a shadowy affair twice removed from experience and composed of Parisian technique and metaphysical sophistries. The idea that there is a centre of culture which automatically exudes the flavour of art is a delusion and a snare. Art, on the contrary, is not produced by culture—it is the child of new evaluations of common things, and is beyond the reach of those who are slaves to the impulses of others.

THOMAS CRAVEN

BRIEFER MENTION

MARK ONLY, by T. F. Powys (12mo, 268 pages; Knopf: \$2.50). The disturbed, troubled, equivocal after-taste left by this formidable story creates a sort of feverish craving for more dark strange meat from the same homely spit. The blending of cruel insight with chuckling Puck-like merriment, the blending of subterranean mysticism with vignettes of clayish realism worthy of Bewick, produce in retrospect that sort of uneasy furtive digestion that one may imagine some fish-eating creature to feel who has tasted flesh for the first time. There is something so novel, so completely unanticipated and unprepared for, in the style of this writer, that one feels that nothing outside the circle of his own genius offers any assistance to an analysis of the appetite he provokes and satisfies.

WHEN THE BOUGH BREAKS, by Naomi Mitchison (12mo, 318 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$2.50). Mrs Mitchison so uses her creative imagination and her ability to tell a story that these short narratives evoke the Rome of Vercingetorix or of Attalus with extraordinary vividness. Her Goths and Nordics and Italians are much like the shrewd savages of the twentieth century, and the spice of strangeness in the setting adds to the comfort of recognition in the characters. There is a faint tendency toward bathos. Yet these tales glow with a personality which shines clear and bright in the charming Note on Some Books which concludes the volume.

MY LIFE, As Told By The Peasant Anissia to T. A. Kouzminskaya, Revised and Corrected by Leo Tolstoy, translated with notes and a preface by Charles Salomon (12mo, 136 pages; Duffield: \$1.50) is a tale representative of the miserable existence of an oppressed people. Not only are characters clearly drawn by their actions in this unadorned narrative: customs are epitomized. The story is morally beautiful because, full of sorrow, it is yet without bitterness.

ON BOARD THE "MORNING STAR," by Pierre MacOrlan, translated by Malcolm Cowley (illus., 12mo, 120 pages; Albert & Charles Boni: \$2). A suave translation of a suave pirate story, written not for children, but for "sophisticated people who are capable of enjoying grotesque, cruel and supernatural adventures." MacOrlan is a literary man. His effects are hot-house and technical. His sadism, debauchery, perversions, and outbursts of lyric are not meant to carry as such beyond the page; even his plagues and murders are purely decorative. The illustrations by Daragnès have precisely the same faculty of glibness and invention. This book, chapters of which originally appeared in *Broom*, places charm before reality, and attains thereby a quality of appeal which remains in the mind long after the details have focussed, as they tend to do, into a spot.

AN ISLAND CHRONICLE, by William Cummings (12mo, 302 pages; Knopf: \$2.50) has as setting a Portuguese community on an island off the New England coast. This is in every respect an unusual book, a story told with the sure economy that best gives form to an original and fine substance, and that is possible only to mastery.

BLACK BABYLON, by Dorothy Dow (12mo, 90 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$1.75) takes its title from a poem in which the black race is apotheosized. This poem is Lindsayish in a coarsely imitative fashion; but it has a vague vigour, at least when the black race speaks for itself in interspersed, genuine blues. What is more wonderful than anything in the book is how a poetess who has remembered a line of that fierce poetry can fill the rest of her book with feebly piping expostulations about the least distinguishable of her private emotions.

SPRING THUNDER AND OTHER POEMS, by Mark Van Doren (12mo, 69 pages; Seltzer: \$1.50). Although the author temerarily thwarts the current of rhetorical emphasis, failing sometimes to create a tune of the kind which pertains to either prose or verse; although he assumes large licence in making the adjective a noun, and at other times, a verb; in making nouns, verbs; and transitive verbs, intransitive; although he not infrequently couples with the "why and where," "far and high" manner of writing, a "midwife cat," "the mountain is me" vernacular, he nevertheless presents enticingly, the world of the weasel, the crow, and the chipmunk; depicts "the lantern on the snow," "behind each clod, a mouse's ear"; and in bringing to us eagerly the atmosphere of a loved place, the attitude of a loved human being, modifies our consciousness of a sometimes faulty taste in subject and in treatment.

AN OUTLAND PIPER, by Donald Davidson (12mo, 82 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$1.25). When Mr Davidson is not too obviously straining for the bizarre, he occasionally rises to poetry of dignity, beauty, and originality. Traces of various of the Modernists—of men so far apart as Vachel Lindsay and Carl Sandburg—are to be observed in his work; yet he lifts a voice which, while limited in range and scope, is unmistakably his own and at its best expresses an appealingly imaginative interpretation of life.

OUR DEAD SELVES, by Paul Eldridge (12mo, 68 pages; Boullion-Biggs: \$1.50) is a series of epitaphs, commentaries, and afterthoughts of bird, beast, and flower, an Anthology of the Lowly as the author chooses to call his poems. Mr Eldridge is evidently wedded to the bitter muse, but by sheer reiteration of ironic gesture conviction is reduced to attitude and the moral laboured. To call Hope the gurgle of Death's laughter is a trifle unsatisfying. Technically the verses are executed with a poetic distinction seldom found where content so easily invites the merely clever and the meretricious. Mr Eldridge's rhythms and cadences are sensitive and finished. He inclines too much, however, toward the ready-made image and the threadbare adjective.

COSTA'S DAUGHTER, by Konrad Bercovici (12mo, 127 pages; Pascal Covici: \$2). Even the wild, wild people conform quickly to standard. Marga the heroine spits, tames bears, and sighs openly for the swain virile enough to conquer her own proud spirit. He finally arrives, and after a few taunts, throws Marga face downward upon the stage and with a sharp knife, shears off her long tresses (the big scene). After that, of course, there is nothing for Marga to do but to marry the man. It might, as they say, "go great" on Broadway, which is not overly particular, but the sophisticated reader is suspicious of the too-familiar pattern of this piece.

PUNCHINELLO, A Ballet, by James N. Rosenberg (12mo, 92 pages; Kennerly: \$2). A little play not meant to be read, the author says, but "to be danced, pranced," et cetera, with "titillating music," et cetera, and "scenes to bewitch the eye." The arts of the theatre often make unlikely dialogues acceptable and possibly something can be done for this one, though it is only too true, it cannot be read.

PLAYS: Fourth Series, by Jacinto Benavente, translated with an introduction by John Garrett Underhill (12mo, 224 pages; Scribner: \$2.50). It is only the final play in this collection which to any degree justifies the translator's windy enthusiasm. *Field of Ermine* has its moments of drama, and if its characters are types, they sometimes behave in a typically human way. The three remaining plays are of slight if varying merit, and make tiresome reading.

ECHO DE PARIS, by Laurence Housman (12mo, 72 pages; Appleton: \$1) reconstructs, with delicate imaginativeness, the author's last meeting with Oscar Wilde. Its painstaking but never superficial paradox and wit grown wistful are conceived with so tactful an apprehension of the protagonist's conversational quality that although they are well within the perhaps dubious Wilde legend they have the glamour of reassuring authenticity. There is a touch of symbolic drama at the end, sufficiently minor to be commensurate with so slight a sketch. It is unfortunate that the foot-note with its polemic disturbs the sympathetic tonality of the book; for the "dialogue" has aesthetic truth.

THE EAST WINDOW, and **THE CAR WINDOW**, by Bert Leston Taylor, with decorations by C. B. Falls (12mo, 225 pages; Knopf: \$2.50) reveals the popular purveyor of gay ephemera as a master of the miniature essay. Expertly gauged not to tire, but to stimulate, a mixed and hurried audience, these small papers yet show a thoughtful and unstinted care made eloquent in limpid prose.

THE LONDON ADVENTURE, by Arthur Machen (12mo, 170 pages; Knopf: \$2). The author virtually confesses he was hounded into the writing of this book. Like all skilled writers, once fairly upon the task, he forgets at times his fatigue; but unfortunately the sympathetic reader never forgets it. Mr Machen should rest until he finds a subject that writes itself.

PREJUDICES, FOURTH SERIES, by H. L. Mencken (12mo, 301 pages; Knopf: \$2.50). The best article in this entertaining collection is the first, where the author bestows upon the Anglo-Saxon race, as they have manifested their breed both in England and in America, the soundest drubbing they have ever received from a cudgel not held in Irish hands. It is more difficult to derive any intelligent pleasure from such quaint jests as that Dante intended his *Divine Comedy* to be "a flaming satire upon the whole Christian hocus-pocus." To appreciate Mr Mencken's *Prejudices* at their wittiest and gayest, one must read the *Meditations in the Desert* in this volume. Chesterton himself, with all his penchant for hocus-pocus, could not be more eloquent in defence of Beer than Mr Mencken in defence of Blutwurst, Pumpernickel, and all the parquetry of the abolished Saloon.

THE SHORT STORY'S MUTATIONS, by Frances Newman (12mo, 332 pages; Huebsch: \$2.50). A well-chosen collection of sixteen stories, with introductory comments to each by the compiler and (when the authors are not English) translator. The guiding principle of selection seems to have been one of worldliness, even Hans Andersen's contribution not conflicting with Petronius, Boccaccio, or Morand. The thesis that species arise by sudden mutations, instead of by gradual evolution, is not remotely proved in the author's comments; but in recompense her (despite much baggage) running style makes many sprightly leaps across the centuries, soaring over as many as twenty authors on one page, and dropping ideas everywhere as it goes. Her translations are graceful. Her original prose uses a kind of breezy tautology, as when, instead of "not standard short stories," she writes, "not yet Short-stories according to any definition that would be accepted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for a degree."

POINTS OF VIEW, by Stuart P. Sherman (12mo, 363 pages; Scribner: \$2). Troubled by vicious contemporary hounds, Mr Sherman would not have them shot, but would rather extract their teeth, probably hoping thereby to obviate the danger of the bite while retaining the vitality of the bark. In the present collection of essays and reviews he is entertainingly and reassuringly sane, but seldom brilliantly so. One dare expect even moderation to be counselled with more creative fire. On the whole Mr Sherman is not a critic, but a pedagogue; and like all pedagogues he is a vulgarizer, carrying the torch not onwards, but down. His greatest value is his desire to mellow, rather than counteract, the cultural values of the day. His greatest weakness is his proneness to believe that if we write "Man is dignified" we thereby produce before his very eyes the dignity of man.

MODERN ESSAYS: SECOND SERIES, selected by Christopher Morley (12mo, 457 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$2). There are in this volume, a number of illuminated, signally great essays, "generous qualities of mind and temperament" being evinced by preface and biographical notes. However, an anthologist's "tenderness" so "cordial" as not to be literary is shown in the inclusion of certain minor, badly wrought essays.

BLISS CARMAN, by Odell Shepard (12mo, 184 pages; McClelland & Stewart, Toronto: \$2). Like all Americans, Bliss Carman is of good family, being descended from one of Emerson's great grandfathers. Yet his stock is Loyalist. His poetry, likewise, is unwarped by any break with the English past. As Mr Shepherd puts it, "He seems to be playing on a penny whistle until one hears the tune." Carman calls the tune "Unitrinianism." It is really Celtic, less Celtic however than Greek. Greek against Canadian maple. Perhaps less Greek than Romany. Carman almost seems to have Gipsy stock, at least in October. Odell Shepherd in revealing him as a poet of at least third rank, edifies the public who remember his hero only as one who flashed the 'nineties into dazzled Bostonese eyes.

LIFE OF WILLIAM CONGREVE, by Edmund Gosse, with prefatory note by the biographer (12mo, 181 pages; Scribner: \$2.25). With a discovering and elegant adroitness as different from the sometimes dulness of biography as "a crystal is from a jelly-fish," Mr Gosse has given us in this revised and enlarged edition of the memoir published in 1888, a corrected insight into Congreve's work, an enticing impression of his "friendliness," a vivid presentation of the Collier controversy, and a knowledge of early eighteenth century drama and theatrical production. He has pondered as a light upon his plays, Congreve's work as a novelist and as a poet, and has rescued from oblivion much that ought to have been preserved two hundred years ago. Admitting that Congreve "made a helot of himself by producing the worst specimen of the false ode on record," yet reviving in us, "the wild satiric garden of his drama" the consummate flower of which comedy is "not to be turned over but to be re-read until the psychological subtlety of the sentiment, the perfume of the delicately chosen phrases, the music of the sentences, have produced the full effect upon the nerves," Mr Gosse has truly in this most complete life of "the greatest of our comic dramatists," been "patient to finish as well as spirited to sketch."

ROOSEVELT, PROPHET OF UNITY, by Hermann Hagedorn (8vo, 142 pages; Scribner: \$1) is an attempt to appraise the late Theodore Roosevelt's dimensions as a leader and a statesman. In order to place him, the author says, "there must be a bold sweeping aside of incidentals in order that the essentials may appear unobstructed." It is a question whether incidentals can, at this period, be distinguished from essentials. At least Mr Hagedorn has proved one of his most important points—that Roosevelt did great service in inspiring men about him to believe in their work, and in seeing with a national rather than a political eye the issues which presented themselves during his presidency.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW, by Young Boswell (8vo, 341 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$2.50). Very New Yorky; hasty, something of everything, and absolutely no standard. Short interviews originally published in the New York Tribune with all the people mentioned in the journalistic "Who's Who." In the newspaper these little sketches seemed cleverer than the surrounding matter, but in book-form the absence of values is disconcerting.

THE AMERICAN MIND IN ACTION, by Harvey O'Higgins and Dr E. H. Reede (12mo, 336 pages; Harper: \$3). In action and distr-action is really what Mr O'Higgins is talking about. He takes a number of prominent American men and women and shows how Puritanism warped their presumably normal development. He then traces the compensatory activities which were sought in the effort to find mental stability and happiness. This is a valuable book. But one may suspect it a little because it works its hypothesis so hard. Yet it does seem to show that so much of what Americans do to occupy them in action is an effort really at distraction, since current manners and customs require a rigorous subordination of much that is insistent and primitive in human nature.

WHAT IS MODERNISM? by Leighton Parks (12mo, 154 pages; Scribner: \$1). Dr Parks does not want to convince any one of anything. That is vulgar. He wants to have it recognized that the fundamentalist points are not fundamental, and that Modernism is not modern. He himself is quite thorough with the concerns of the nineteenth century, and though sometimes he plays chess with the words "natural law" in the eighteenth century way, at other times he is really modern. That is to say, he talks about unconscious psychical phenomena. In years to come other liberals will declare these catchwords in turn outmoded, while devising other substitutes "just as good as" a theology which is not to their taste. So long as dialectic is dismissed as vulgar, aesthetics might be used in its place against the liberals, were not bad taste as invulnerable as unreason. But it is as invulnerable.

A MAGICIAN AMONG THE SPIRITS, by Houdini (illus., 8vo, 294 pages; Harper: \$4). There has been so much wild spook-talk of late that Houdini has rendered a real service to the world by producing a volume which goes so far towards clearing the atmosphere of ghosts. There is, indeed, something amusing in the spectacle of this nimble-fingered, feather-heeled magician investigating the supernatural claims of each celebrated medium in turn. Houdini, quite obviously, is one for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

MAKING OF MAN, by Sir Oliver Lodge (12mo, 170 pages; Doran: \$2). In so far as any optimistic voice in to-day's blind alley of positivism is pleasing, Sir Oliver Lodge's enthusiasm for that "far-off, divine event" for which humanity supposedly is scheduled is possibly a definite good. But Sir Oliver has not, as he supposes, broken with positivism; he has merely failed to keep up with it, to face its own logical conclusion, that the universe is a unity, either all mind or all matter. To prophesy of mystery in the dualistic terms of mind and matter is merely added confusion. Indeed, how are we to take a philosopher who would speak of The Way and can yet, in this year of grace after Kant, utter the profundity that "we are beginning to wonder what our own relation is to these two abstractions (Space and Time)"? A philosopher who quotes St Paul and tells us "everything is in process of becoming"? Where is Sankara and where is Lao-Tze? But Sir Oliver Lodge, being a true evolutionist, can look ahead only with the poetry of F. W. H. Myers.

THE THEATRE

A VOYAGE South and West does not encourage any belief in the appetite for the theatre. It is not merely the New Yorkist habit of sneering at plays two years after they have left Broadway which makes the outside theatre so ridiculous. It is its thinness, its insignificance in the eyes of the locals—it is *their* quite remarkable capacity to live without the theatre. Milwaukee at the moment of writing awaits **THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH**; Atlanta has a theatre; in Cleveland the bunco game was played with **THE MIRACLE** with such success that the very guarantors of the "venture" have cashed in and will donate nobly to artistic endeavours. From a billboard I gathered that "cloister seats" to that production sold at four dollars. Chicago has a considerable number of plays. My luck that outside of **NO! NO! NANETTE!** nothing seemed exciting. **THE SHOW OFF** is the only other attractive work, and is said to be even better done than in New York. To Chicago the theatre has importance. To the rest, the movies (they at least do not vary their casts) and the radio and the crossword puzzle.

Well, if they don't care for it, to tell the truth I don't think much of it myself; New York is not an arid waste only because a few good pieces stay long and because the mere multitude of bad and indifferent makes it appear flourishing. An easy bracket of two plays is **THE YOUNGEST** and **MRS PARTRIDGE PRESENTS**. They are both likable and pleasant, and the second one, by the less experienced dramatists, seems to grow out of a conflict of character. It does dubious things to the people involved, but who cares? **THE YOUNGEST** has what has become an obligatory scene since the success of **DULCY** and **TO THE LADIES**—a rather wild and funny Fourth of July oration. But the motives in the play, which could have been associated with the characters, are reduced to the pathetic limits of a young woman who virtually says "Watch me create a big scene in act two!"

The surprise success is **CANDIDA**. It sprang out of special

matinees and has the honour of snatching Miss Katherine Cornell out of the fell clutch of Belasco, and without an aesthetic bruise on her to show the extent of her servitude. Miss Clare Eames is droll and makes Prossie's scene with Marchbanks a little less disquieting than it is to read, by the excellence of her farce. In five years she will be doing all of Miss Westley's parts perfectly. With both the men a little insufferable, Candida herself becomes obscure and Miss Cornell ought to be crowned alternately with ivy and bricks for what she has done with the part. It is extraordinarily moving; certain gestures, certain inflections make your heart grow soft. But what is there in *CANDIDA* to justify our tears? Read it—or see Irene Rooke play it—and nothing of that emotion transpires. Candida is wise and sane, but neither her wisdom nor her sanity is thrilling; she has no nerves in the text. Miss Cornell gave her a throbbing sensibility, and did it miraculously. Had I ever liked the play much, I should have found her performance miraculous; as it is, I found it only magnificent, and a little misplaced.

Al Jolson is back. At one moment he was reported ill, but he had his great day and he has recovered to enjoy it fully. The Winter Garden is gilded and not gay, but *BIG BOY* is all there. I can't believe it's the best show Jolson ever had, but there were moments in it when all my memories of Gus and Inbad the Porter vanished before the present wonder. Hardly anything is new, yet everything is fresh, and there is no letting down of the dynamo which drives him on. I cannot recall Jolson ever better in his text; his stories and his quips are excellent, and his long report of his adventure with Pola Negri is wild and superbly impudent and uproarious. It was interesting to note that Jolson's dancing seems to have nothing to do with the music, as his gestures in general have nothing to do with the words he sings. They are, that is, counterparts, not illustrations, and are a thousand times more exciting than the usual thing which comes to revue from the gestures of the concert hall.

But all this is merely making notes on the margin of Jolson. A thousand such notes leave us still blundering around the central fact. I have suspected that he is possessed, but that only pushes the mystery a step farther back, because I cannot identify the spirit that possesses him. It doesn't matter. It does matter that he

gives himself over utterly to his audience, that there are no reserves, that his cry is a song and his leap is still a dance, and that nothing has spoiled him, as apparently nothing can stale or wither him. He was absolutely triumphant on his return; the sceptics and the followers of strange gods fell over themselves recounting his glories. Some of us never doubted at all.

THE FIREBRAND I saw late, and by that time the process of farcing on the part of Mr Schildkraut had become notable, and served chiefly to indicate how legitimate was the comedy of Ralph Morgan as the Duke. Mr Schildkraut may have a claim to comic honours, but his performance now is dangerous. He claims (in a news story) to think of Benvenuto first as an artist; I can't say what Mr Mayer had in mind when he wrote the play, but as it stands, Benvenuto is first of all a man about town and a good one—that is, one who knows exactly what a wench is worth and what exactly she can give in delight in comparison with the delight of making a beautiful salt-cellar or casting a Perseus. Mr Schildkraut, however, plays him as a very bad artist; one who minces with his tools and has neither the intelligence of a craftsman nor the ardour of an artist. He plays him, in short, as if Benvenuto were as an artist on the same level as Mr Schildkraut is as an actor. It happens that Cellini was a boaster and a fool, and sought cheap applause at times; but these were the excesses of an abundant spirit, not the weaknesses of a puny man.

It goes without saying by this time that THE FIREBRAND is good intelligent entertainment. The iron hand of the producer ought to be laid on it again for a moment, that is all.

GILBERT SELDES

MODERN ART

THAT sternly-inquiring foreign gentleman whose severe eyes fix upon me always as I write for *THE DIAL* must have long since remarked the exclusively foreign flavour of my chronicles so far this winter. "Matisse?" he must have remarked, "Yes, very good. And Seurat and Mestrovic! We know all about them. But what about you? Do you have no art of your own, you Americans?" And doubtless he thinks I have been holding something back. I have been holding nothing back. The season holds itself back. It becomes more and more the fad to postpone everything in the way of a challenge until the winter is half over; and every artist apparently hates to be the first to break the ice.

Now at last things begin; not clamorously, not authoritatively, but, *enfin*, they begin. Kenneth Hayes Miller and Bernard Karfiol have dared to be poetical, Yasuo Kuniyoshi has dared to be himself, and Oscar Bluemmer, alone of this quartet, has dared to be more than himself. All these, in spite of the names, are Americans. Such as they are they represent us. Therefore they go upon the record. No one of the four is a sensation; but one must begin somewhere.

Mr Miller and Mr Karfiol attest the difficulties of poetry in this land. No one dares claim they scale the heights with anything resembling security. They attempt to soar. They get under way—and then something goes wrong with the machinery. They nose-dip to earth again, apropos of nothing. Air-pockets, I suppose. Mr Miller, in particular, comes terrifying croppers. Wrists dislocated, thighs stretched to unheard-of lengths, and injuries that the sensitive scarcely dare look upon. The casualties this year, I think, are slightly under his usual. Therefore there must be an improvement. It is so slight that I am not sure, and so, in spite of Mr Munson and the editor of *THE DIAL* who say that American critics are too soft, I prefer to err, at least in such a dull season as this, upon the side of kindness. I even dare to mention him to the sternly-inquiring foreign gentleman already spoken of, who, unless he be of those who hold there is no such thing as a minor poet, may rejoice to know that we have one, in fact, two, trying

for the ideal. Of these two Mr Karfiol pleases me the better. Several of his canvases I could relish living with. Even less than Mr Miller's does his poetry depend upon a theme. Indeed, he never aspires to a theme. The mere act of wielding a brush, apparently, puts him into a softened state, and this auto-intoxication appears to be all he asks for. I don't know enough of the teachings of Freud to accuse definitely such a procedure, but even a kind critic in a dull season must hold such a use for a paintbrush to be at least—suspicious. However, Mr Karfiol is young and ideas may crystallize in him. Already one of his pictures, that of a young boy day-dreaming at a window, seems to stand for something to some people and it is upon that work they build their hopes for the artist's future.

It may be that Oscar Bluemmer, too, is to be rated with the poets. In that case he's an odd one. But then, oddity in a poet is no crime. He began life, I'm told, as a socialist. He lived over in New Jersey, in Paterson, Passaic, or some such place, and conceived a horror of factories. He painted pictures in which the factories were lividly vermilion, the grass plots, when there chanced to be any, undiluted chrome-green, and smoke was indicated solidly in Vandyck brown. Some people said such things couldn't be and others said they could be. But there was not much dispute about them and very little demand for such factories upon the part of collectors. Consequently Bluemmer saw some hard times, for he insisted upon painting. Lately in some mysterious fashion, circumstances eased for him and he put in a peaceful period painting in New England. The exhibition at Neumann's was the result, and although the town did not fall *en masse* for the collection, I, personally, fell for the collection *en masse*. I liked practically every one of the little water-colours. Here there was none of the mental fumbling of our other poets, but everything straight as a die. The old ferocity was not entirely gone, but something gentle played on all the surfaces. It was as though Bluemmer had lived two lives and one of his experiences excused or mocked the other. In effect, something Chinese happened; though of course when it comes to super-imposed experiences any American to any Chinaman is a mere babe. But enough of the water-colours sold, in spite of the high prices—why must new artists put such high prices between themselves and their admirers

and incidentally, between themselves and fame?—to insure another season of repose to Bluemmer. Both he and Karfiol qualify for further attention here.

And now, unless the foreign gentleman be already fast asleep, I must ask him to specially note Kuniyoshi, the most significant of the four, and one of the rare few in America to achieve a stroke of his own. One of his works was included in the American show in Paris last summer and, I'm told, none of the Frenchmen looked at it. That's not in the least surprising. Kuniyoshi is one of those you have to grow used to. He is like the first olive—somewhat queer, but as undoubtedly nourishing once you get past the first taste. He was educated here and lives in the thick of a young art colony that goes in for all the new things just as soon as they turn up, but Kuniyoshi is scarcely affected externally by their enthusiasms. There is a bit of the early-American-decorative in some of his arrangements of swimming maidens, but he has a solidity of form and compactness in design that the early settlers never dreamed of, and besides, a rich texture to his paint. His best, this year, happens to be a self-portrait. The artist shows himself at a window equipped for snapping the landscape with a kodak and hooded with black. It is not so much in the way of a literal likeness, but it seems to recall all the people who ever wore hoods in Japanese art. You remember those people just sauntering out into the snow in Japanese prints? Put in generally for the sake of the rich, black spots the hoods made? Those are the relatives Kuniyoshi now unconsciously admits. It is as neat an instance of atavism as one could wish.

HENRY McBRIDE

MUSICAL CHRONICLE

AARON COPLAND has been spending the last three years studying with Mlle Nadia Boulanger in Paris. And Mlle Boulanger brought honour both to herself and her sensitive pupil by performing his Symphony for Organ and Orchestra with the Damrosch band January the eleventh. The composition strongly corroborates the witness of an individual musical determination borne earlier in the season by Copland's piano passacaglia and his Cat and Mouse. The large three-part work exhibits in fulness two original lyric forms shadowed forth by the briefer pieces: the one a sensitive, contemplative, pastoral vein, whimsical and tranquil in turn, a musical ideological early April with tender gurglings from the ponds, chirps of a single bird, cool shadows, and, by poetic licence, the fiddling of a grasshopper; the other a bold feeling for strident, breathless, obsessive rhythm, for jerky precipitous motion as advanced as anything in Strawinsky. The first of these veins is evident in the symphony's introductory movement, and in the middle section of the Scherzo; the second in the Scherzo-proper, with its wildly hiccougging brass, and in passages of the Finale. Both are developed thanks to the guidance of an aristocratic sense of form. Mr Copland knows with extraordinary clarity the balance between subjectivity and objectivity; between that which unfurls according to his inner wish, and that which unfurls in accordance with a necessity without himself. The first two movements at least are stripped to essential sinewyness, and do not touch ground, once they are begun, until they terminate. Particularly adroitly managed is the unexpected recapitulation of the slightly modified first section of the Scherzo; and the counterpoint of rhythms, three-four against four-four, in the last movement. Besides, at all times Mr Copland's music has a thingness. One remembers with special delight the first entrance of the organ through the shimmering sounds of the harp; the flute, in the middle register, and the clarinet at the close of the Prelude; the clarinet and bassoon in the middle section of the Scherzo; and the moment in the Finale when the strings commence an ascending figure of their own above the *basso ostinato*.

Occasionally, Mr Copland works a little too steadily in a few tints—grey, whitey-grey, and greyish-green, and this is one of the limitations of his art. For the cloistral, scholastic tone is his least authentic, just as the machine hysteria of the Scherzo is perhaps his most native contribution. Nor does the Finale satisfy us as thoroughly as the earlier movements. More ambitious than the others, it attempts to gather the various strains of the symphony and bring them through to resolution; and although much of the material is interesting, and the bitter and ferocious climaxes full of power, the rounding does not seem to take place. The conclusion, with its juxtaposition of themes in the style of d'Indy, has an arbitrary feeling. But these are flyspecks. No American not yet twenty-five years of age, not Glenway Wescott even, has won artistic spurs more honourably and certainly than young Aaron Copland of Brooklyn. He already stands with the earth-sprung talents to which the civilized community can look for sustenance.

Strawinsky was a good thirty minutes late for rehearsal. The handful of musicians assembled for Renard and Ragtime sat or strolled languidly about on the atticky bare stage of Carnegie Hall. The horn-player amused himself by blowing the cantilene from *Der Trompeter von Seckingen* with fearful emphasis into the cavernous dark auditorium, while a humorous someone at irregular intervals struck loud banal accompanying chords on the piano. There would be no opportunity of speaking with Strawinsky before the rehearsal, I saw, and regretted the time I would have to wait in order to get my interview. Then Strawinsky came rapidly onto the stage from the wings, all swathed in hat, spectacles, muffler, overcoat, spats, and walking-stick, and accompanied by three or four secretarial and managerial personages. The man was a shock of electricity—abrupt, impatient, energetic. In a minute business was upon the entire assemblage. There was a sound of peremptory orders; the group on the platform was in its chairs underneath the conductor's stand; a little personage who looked like someone in a Moscow Art Theatre performance rushed forward to the composer and started stripping him of his coats and helping him into a pink sweater-vest; Carlos Salzedo appeared at the keyboard of the piano; and Strawinsky, resembling a concentration of Gustav Mahler and a member of the Russian Ballet, began re-

hearsing. If he had been late by half an hour, there was no laggardliness at all in his mind, it appeared. Never a doubt as to exactly what it was he wanted, and the means to arrive at his end. He himself might not be able to play all the instruments assembled before him; but he could tell the musicians how they could get the effects wanted. The bassoonist had some difficulty with the high notes. Strawinsky told him how he could reach them. At the moment when the bass-drum enters, Strawinsky stopped the orchestra. "Deeper," he said in German. The drummer struck again. "No," said Strawinsky. "It must sound the way it does in the circus. You will need a heavier drumstick." In passages of complicated rhythm, he stopped the orchestra, sang the rhythm very quietly, and then left the musicians to play it after him. Once there was a dispute. He stuck his nose into the score, read a few bars carefully, then said to the instrumentalist "You must make it this way" and sang the notes. Most of his talking was done in German, but he spoke French with Salzedo, Russian with one of the men, and indicated the passages by numbers given in very correct English. By the time ten minutes were elapsed I was thoroughly enjoying the spectacle and sat careless of the delay. The man was abrupt, impatient, energetic, no doubt, but never ironic either of himself or of his interlocutors, and friendly in his relations with the players. It was apparent they were working out a little problem together, and Strawinsky had some suggestions which might enable them all to solve it. A kind of interest radiated out from him to the musicians, who began entering into the spirit of the animal-comedy, and kindling Strawinsky in turn. He commenced singing the words in Russian, even danced a little up on the conductor's stand in his pink sweater. Certainly, at the more startling dramatic entrances his two feet leaped off the ground together. At all times his arms mimed the rhythmic starts and jerks, till one could actually perceive where his music came from. Renard the Fox, there was no doubt, was himself, grinning from behind his glasses in ferocious joy, and plucking a feather out of the silly vain old cock with every accent of the drunken score.

When the rehearsal was over, I followed to the stand Salzedo, who is quite as admirable a friend as a musician, if that is possible, and was presented. The little Stanislawsky type was helping on with coats and hat, and I found myself before an oval, olive, excessively sensitive face from out some fine old Chinese

print, and a man who was at once nervous, intelligent, and master of himself. I heard myself saying in French that I had some questions which I wanted to ask him, and that I regretted I spoke French and German equally badly; and was relieved to hear Strawinsky answering quietly that we would converse in the language we both spoke. Several Steinway piano-movers having taken possession of the stage, we retreated with Salzedo to the first rows of the parterre, and across the backs of the chairs I began explaining to him that I had heard he had said he was striving to keep all personal emotion out of his music, that I was puzzled by the expression, and wanted to know more of what he meant.

He measured me a moment, then said suddenly, "We are going to exchange rôles. It is I who am going to interview you. I want you to begin by telling me exactly what it is *you* mean by 'personal emotion.'"

I laughed. "But Mr Strawinsky, I am not a genius. That is too much."

"Neither am I," he retorted. Then after a moment, "Suppose you went out and narrowly escaped being run over by a trolley-car. Would you have an emotion?"

"I should hope so, Mr Strawinsky."

"So should I. But if I went out and narrowly escaped being run over by a trolley-car, I would not immediately rush for some music paper and try to make something out of the emotion I had just felt. You understand."

"Yes, of course. One has other things to do. But do you impose any intellectual theory of emotion or non-emotion upon yourself when you compose?"

"Intellectual theory," he cried, as if I had wished to accuse him of cretinism, "certainly not! I don't think I go to work twice in the same fashion. Besides, what is this all about personal emotion? All emotion goes back to the personal equation. What is emotional for one man is not emotional for another. But there are certain artists who go out before the world and commence crying," and here he raised his arms with a look of disgust in his face, "Oh, I am such a great artist, such a great artist! I have all these wonderful feelings and these wonderful experiences. I see God and Heaven knows what else."

"That's just impotence," I answered. "But what I am trying

to find out, Mr Strawinsky, is whether you have any kind of idea that certain things which we call feeling, or the heart, or the soul, are passing out of life? You know, there are certain people who are trying to strike the scientific attitude in living, and working without pity, without sympathy, without desire, even—"

"That's utterly absurd," he interrupted, "the very thing which you are afraid of, and try to repress—that's the very thing which is going to seize you in the end. Anyway, the form of the repression is equivalent to the form of the expression. But of course there is romanticism, and perhaps that is going out of life. But in their very effort to escape from romanticism, people are committing the most grotesque errors. Take Schoenberg for example. Schoenberg is really a romantic at heart who would like to get away from romanticism, and what does he do? He takes to admiring Aubrey Beardsley! Just think—he considers Aubrey Beardsley wonderful! It's unbelievable, isn't it? But even the romantic composers aren't as 'romantic' as people have tried to make them. Schumann, for instance. I know I could play Schumann for people so that he wouldn't have that particular sort of sentimentalism which we don't admire to-day. But then people would say it wasn't Schumann."

As he finished the speech, I became aware of another voice, redolent of richest Avenue A, being poured into my ear, and heard "Say young feller you got to get out of here if you don't want to get run over," and found several Steinway blues bearing down upon me with a grand piano. By the time I had taken refuge over the backs of the seats and gotten into Strawinsky's row, the train of the conversation had been interrupted, and I had to commence over again. This time I asked him whether he told himself stories or saw pictures while he composed.

He looked at me a little maliciously for a moment, and shot out "Is this a confession you are demanding of me?"

"Oh, Mr Strawinsky, I'm very bald, I see—"

"Well, if it is a confession you are demanding, here is the answer, No! No! A thousand times, no!"

"But when you compose, is there not something which guides you? A feeling of form? A sense of rhythm? Aren't you seeking to draw a line about something which you feel has an existence prior to your effort of composition?"

"I see what you mean," he said. "These are questions about which the whole world is thinking. What interests me most of all is construction. What gives me pleasure is to see how much of my material I can get into line. I want to see what is coming. I am interested first in the melody, and the volumes, and the instrumental sounds, and the rhythm. It is like this. It is like making love to a woman." Here he glanced about, perceived Mrs Salzedo sitting a few rows back, apologized humorously for the Gallic salt, and then resumed, "You find yourself you don't know how in possession of, say, four bars of music. Well, the real musician is the one who knows what there is to be done with these four bars, knows what he can make out of them. Composition really comes from the gift of being able to see what your material is capable of."

"But suppose, Mr Strawinsky, I hear one of your compositions, and certain images of the street, or of buildings, come into my mind. Do you feel that I am reading something into your creations which does not exist there?"

"But my dear sir, who is the interpreter here? It is you. That is for you, and not for me, to say."

"You see, the first time I ever heard the *Sacre*, I saw machinery and industrial landscapes—"

He interrupted. "Who conducted it the first time you ever heard it?"

"Monteux."

He nodded his head, satisfied. "Monteux does it very well, very well. Monteux has the right idea of the *Sacre*."

"Then let me ask you one more question, Mr Strawinsky. Do you think any work, any work of to-day, I mean, which is genuinely living, can fail to interpret to us elements of the daily life, say our relationships with people?"

He sat reflectively a moment. "Perhaps not," he said. "I don't know. We don't know what the creative moment is made up of. You see, I myself have not the same feeling against what is purely anecdotal as against what is either picturesque or literary. I feel there is a difference, and I am perfectly willing to acknowledge that certain bits of the *Sacre* have an anecdotal interest. But not picturesque. And in the main, the interest is architectural. That is all. When people hear my octuor and especially my piano concerto, they are sure to talk about 'Back to Bach.' But that is not

what I mean. The material of Bach's day was, let us say, the size of this hall. The material of our day," and here he lifted the crook'd head of his cane, "is about the size of this. But I feel we in our day are working with our material in the spirit of Bach, the constructive spirit, and I feel that what we give, though it is perhaps smaller in comparison, is in its concentration and economy an equivalent for the immense structures of Bach."

Many conversations come to rest with the name of the cantor of the Thomas School, and this was one of them. As we turned to go out through the door into the passageway, and while Salzedo was talking to Strawinsky about the music of Varèse, a young fellow who had been listening to the conversation from a little distance rushed up to the composer, declared he admired his music, and begged to be allowed to shake his hand. There was a half-embarassed moment, Strawinsky bowing like an oriental potentate, and doubtlessly enjoying, for the thousandth time, the sweetest of all homages, the homage of young people.

PAUL ROSENFELD

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COMMENT

I have not seen it myself except in a picture.

Herodotus.

HAVING purposed that these pages might again serve merely by way of a back-stoop *éloge* upon the literary activities of the recipient of our Annual Award, it is with considerable pain that I note the high office laid upon me, that of *Dialis Fidei Defensor*, does exact, even upon this occasion of public welcome and rejoicing, from me a modicum of censure also. Our young authoress, in her ultimate Observation, that upon Sea Unicorns and Land Unicorns, entertains and gives renewed circulation, and thus, I fear, renewed credence also, to that very modern fable or notion in accordance with which the unicorn, " 'impossible to take alive,' " may be "tamed only by a lady inoffensive¹ like itself," and will, upon the lap of such, its " 'mild wild head' " lay. And Miss Moore goes on to state what, while word for word undoubtedly true, will certainly give the unwary, the too often *undocumented* reader a wholly false and misleading conception of the still quite tentative phase of the most reliable scientific thought upon this interesting, if unwholesome, point:

"Upon the printed page,
also by word of mouth,
we have a record of it all."

Now nowhere, neither in this Observation itself, nor in those often very scholarly and rewarding Notes with which, discreetly at the back, Miss Moore has embellished her in so many respects very laudable volume, do I find reference to the in this instance surely pertinent fact (already brought to the attention of the scientific world several centuries ago by the able Topsell²) that "concerning

¹ The use of this negative expression for the very affirmative virtue of Chastity appears to me questionable.

² The History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents: Describing at Large Their True and Lively Figure, their several Names, Conditions, Kinds,

this opinion [he has reference to the same hitherto unsupported fable or notion in regard to the manner in which one must go about it to take a unicorn, to this unpleasing shift in accordance with which human female virginity is degraded to the status of a mere vulgar decoy] we have no elder authority than Tzetzes,¹ who did not live above five hundred years ago." Topsell goes on to state, in my opinion rightly, "And therefore I leave the reader to the freedom of his own judgement to believe or refuse this relation." Now why could not Miss Moore have retained, upon this point, as open a mind? And why could she not have put her readers in possession, as honourably, of the *whole* truth? She gives us, in her rather extensive Notes, many another point of information which we had, if I may say it without impropriety, far more easily spared. . . . And inasmuch as Modern Science, which in so many important fields has made such very notable progress, has in the study of the Unicorn, its Habits, and its Chace, hitherto made no material advance (anyhow no advance meriting citation here), the otiose fact that sundry further not over-enlightened centuries have, since the passing of the able Topsell, since that astringent intellect last battled with this nutty problem, added their very measurable periods to the purely temporal standing of this quite unauthenticated "relation,"—this otiose fact (this impertinent, and therefore indecisive, secular addition) is logically no justification at all for this, I regret to find myself, in the bitter end, ineluctably constrained to state, in my eyes extremely repre-

Virtues (both Natural and Medicinal) Countries of their Breed, their Love and Hatred to Mankind, and the wonderful work of God in their Creation, Preservation, and Destruction. Interwoven with curious variety of Historical Narrations out of Scriptures, Fathers, Philosophers, Physicians, and Poets: Illustrated with divers Hieroglyphicks and Emblems, &c. both pleasant and profitable for Students in all Faculties and Professions. Collected out of the Writings of Conradus Gesner and other Authors, By Edward Topsell [sic]. Whereunto is now Added, The Theater of Insects; or, Lesser living Creatures: As Bees, Flies, Caterpillars, Spiders, Worms, &c. A most Elaborate Work: By T. Muffet, Dr. of Physick. The whole Revised, Corrected, and Enlarged with the Addition of Two useful Physical Tables, by J. R. M. D. [The title-page is here embellished by the figure of a recumbent weasel.] London: Printed by E. Cotes, for G. Sawbridge at the Bible on Ludgate-hill, T. Williams at the Bible in Little Britain, and T. Johnson, at the Key in Pauls Church-yard, MDCLVIII. [2nd ed. (which I have used).]

¹ Tzetzes, John, Byzantine poet and grammarian, flourished at Constantinople in the 12th Century.

hensible fashion in which our otherwise, I believe, quite dependable Observer, here risks misleading a public which is, I fear, *in such matters as thoughtless as herself*.

One wonders how a writer of Miss Moore's habitual discretion could here have so unwarrantedly let herself go: the "relation" itself appears upon the face of it so extremely dubious. Did Miss Moore perhaps lean too heavily upon the authority of a, in this case, as we have now revealed, wholly fanciful antiquity? But surely a student of The Great Verulam himself might rather have demanded factual demonstration,¹ might rather have procured, at whatsoever expense in time or pains, at once a Unicorn and a Virgin; and might have had the thing out once for all. We must remember, Miss Moore, it is only by just such laborious and time-consuming methods as this that Modern Science, obedient alike to the precept and to the example of the important Bacon, has advanced from truth to truth. Was Miss Moore's natural Sloth² too powerful to admit of such inductive activity upon her part? Surely this cannot have defended her otherwise "natural promptness" to formulate that question which fairly jumps in one's face:

"Why, if the taking of a unicorn be indeed so simple a thing, why then do we find relatively so few examples of this interesting species in captivity?"

One would be gratified to know (I speak without irony³) whether our young authoress would attribute the sad lacuna in, for example, our Bronx, to some natural reticence in the shapely beast itself, to a reticence which should remove it, as by a compulsion of its own inward nature, from all female society, from a society pos-

¹ Cf. "*Atque in eo sunt omnia, si quis oculos mentis a rebus ipsis nunquam dejiciens, earum imagines plane ut sunt excipiat. Neque enim hoc siverit Deus, ut phantasiae nostrae somnium pro exemplari mundi edamus: sed potius benigne faveat, ut apocalypsim ac veram visionem vestigiorum et sigillorum creatoris super creaturas scribamus.*" Francisci de Verulamio: *Instauratio Magna, Pars II., Novum Organum, sive Indicia vera de Interpretatione Naturae*. Londini, Apud Joannem Billium, Typographum Regium, Anno 1620.

² "Sadness in the face of some spiritual good which one has to achieve:" St Thomas of Aquin.

³ Cf. Letter I to Leo Stein. THE DIAL, August, 1924.

sessed of an attribute which, from the point of view of the wild creature itself, must often appear, in the event, in the highest degree *funeste*? Or would our young modern refer this fact, more cynically (and, it does seem to me, much less acceptably), to a standing paucity in virgins? Until we hear from Miss Moore herself upon this thought-provoking point, the matter must, I believe, rest in abeyance.

I find this particular lapse, at once in scholarship and in decent regard for the building up of a solid public opinion, in Miss Marianne Moore peculiarly reprehensible. For Miss Moore is herself, among contemporary writers, by way of being no little of a unicorn (sharing indeed, as she is at pains to point out it is a property of the unicorn to share, with the notorious sea-serpent in the ambiguous faculty of disquieting common folk); and we await from a young woman of her unusual parts a more lively sense of moral solidarity, a more proper understanding of what is, in common justice owing her own kith and kin. Did the unicorn desire, in general, advertisement of itself, did the unicorn desiderate, in particular, such thoughtless and promiscuous promulgation of what, I must again remind the reader, remains a to date quite ludicrously unsubstantiated *faiblesse*,—were such the case, we may rest in the assurance so intelligent and widely distributed an animal had found some appropriate means to render us cognizant of the true natural-historical facts having bearing upon a phenomenon which will no doubt appear, when the requisite evidence shall at length be in hand, in no sense either dishonourable or, to the larger vision, *unnatural*.

But I do not desire to belabour an anyhow rather over obvious point. And apart from this unfortunate *lapsus*, a *lapsus* in a poet—and especially in a poet of Miss Moore's youth and sex—most readily to be condoned, I find in these scholarly Notes, as indeed in the entire exiguous volume, a faithful erudition which will merit from all thoughtful readers, even "in this age of hard trying," considerable praise.

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